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LIFE OF MOZART

BY

VICTOR WILDER

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Mozart, after the Portrait Bust by Percival Hedley.
Specially taken for this work.

Frontispiece to Vol. I.

MOZART

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AS MAN AND ARTIST ACCORDING TO AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS & OTHER SOURCES

BY VICTOR WILDER

TRANSLATED BY L. LIEBICH, WITH A COMPREHENSIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MOZART LITERATURE, BOTH ENGLISH AND FOREIGN AND A LIST OF HIS COMPOSITIONS,

23 PORTRAITS, FACSIMILES, &c.

NOW GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

VOL. I.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

I BELIEVE in God, Mozart and Beethoven.* Every music-lover has his Credo in which he sums up his own personal faith and practice of his art. To assert that in the compendium of his belief Mozart has a foremost place is to affirm a truth which runs little risk of contradiction. The year 1906 has witnessed, all over the world, the homage paid to the genial Salzburg composer on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of his birth. Many, no doubt, have turned to the story of his life to recall the numberless, fascinating individual traits of his buoyant, sunny nature. Paramount among his several biographers may be mentioned Otto Jahn, whose elaborate work is as yet unsurpassed. But there are those, and they are not a few, who delight in treasuring up every word said in praise of one whom they love. To these a translation of the French life of Mozart by Victor Wilder may prove acceptable as a souvenir of a favourite composer and a momento of 1756-1906.

LOUISE LIEBICH.

London.

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* Last words of the hero in Wagner's short story: "The Life End of a Musician in Paris."

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LIFE OF MOZART.

MOZART:

THE MAN AND THE ARTIST.

INTRODUCTION.

FEW artists have aroused public interest to the same extent as Mozart. His marvellous childhood, his successful tours round the Courts of Europe, his incomparable genius, which in its maturity almost obliterated the memory of the splendours of its efflorescence, his life, simple and unassuming, yet, full of engaging annals, his early and affecting death: each and all of these different details have appealed to historians and gained him many biographers. Numerous other literary publications have grouped themselves around his name and fame. By starting from the fount from which these have drawn their information they can be classified under four heads.

In the first place, there are those which appeared shortly after the death of Mozart, and owed their exist-

ence to oral tradition. These would have been considered valuable had they not absorbed without any attempt at criticism, all the tales hatched by the popular imagination. The interest which is sparingly given during life is ungrudgingly bestowed on a great man at the time of his death, for then is the moment when legendary edifices are constructed to which each one brings his stone, and when fables grow on newly-made graves with greater rapidity than shrubs or flowers. In this first category of writings, which it is well to read with a great deal of circumspection, the following order may be maintained:

1. The notice published by Schlichtegroll in his Necrology of 1791, and issued in volume form under the title of "Mozart's Leben" (Life of Mozart); Graetz, 1794.

2. The notice published by Sonnleithner in the Vienna theatrical Almanack of 1794. It is simply an abridged edition of the preceding document.

3. F. Niemetschek: "Leben des KK. Kapellmeisters Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart" (Life of W. G. Mozart, conductor at the Imperial and Royal Chapel); Prague, 1798.

This work is founded on the author's personal remembrances and on information given by Mozart's widow.

4. Several notices published by Rochlitz in "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung" (Universal Journal of Music), collected and amalgamated with other works under the title: "Für Freunde der Tonkunst (For the use of friends of music); Leipzig, 1824-1832; 4 volumes.

Rochlitz was well circumstanced for getting at the truth. He had, as a youth, been personally acquainted with Mozart, and later when he expressed the wish to write his biography, the widow and sister of the great man had rendered the task singularly easy, by confiding to him his voluminous correspondence. Therefore for some considerable length of time Rochlitz's book was considered authoritative; his assertions were accepted faithfully and without asseveration owing to the general estimation in which his character was held. Unfortunately, it has been proved that Rochlitz consulted his imagination more readily than his memory, and that he was by no means always worthy of the confidence bestowed upon him.

Of these four German works, only one reached France, translated by Stendhal: "Letters about Haydn, followed by a Life of Mozart"; Paris, 1814. Stendhal had borrowed the book, as he stated, from Schlichtegroll, and he was convinced that he could not have gone to a better source. "You wish for an account of the life of Mozart," he writes to the person to whom he dedicated the work, I have asked for *the best that could be obtained* about this celebrated man, and I then had the patience to translate for you the biography given to me by M. Schlichtegroll. It seemed to me to have been written *with candour.* I present it to you, *pray excuse its unpretending appearance.* Now observe the ill-luck! Stendhal had asked for *the best* information; he had thought it impossible to insist too much on the integrity of his correspondent, and this pamphlet on which he set such

store was so little worthy of commendation that Mozart's widow had tried her utmost to prevent its circulation. She had excellent reasons for thinking that Schlichtegroll had misrepresented her husband's character, and that many of his fabrications outraged Mozart's illustrious memory. Fortunately,—for there is a special Providence for translators,—while thinking he was using Schlichtegroll's pamphlet, Stendhal had, in reality, translated that of Sonnleithner. This last, was, it is true, but a copy of the former, but abridged and expurgated and therefore on that account of better value. Such was the origin of Stendhal's book. After passing through several editions, it was translated into English, and remained for several years the only source of information concerning the great man who is the subject of this present memoir.

We now come to the second category of publications. They are not worth much consideration, being practically of slight importance. In the first place we will enumerate the principal collections of witticisms, idle tales and anecdotes:

1. Cramer: "Anecdotes about Mozart"; Paris, 1801.

2. Arnold: "Mozart's Geist" (The Spirit of Mozart); Erfurt, 1803.

3. Guattani: "Memorie" (Memoirs); Rome, 1806.

We place without compunction in the same class:

4. A notice in Volume VII. of the "Austrian Plutarch" of Hormayer; Vienna, 1807.

5. Lichtenthal: "Cenni biographici" (Biographical Sketches); Milan, 1816.

6. Schizzi: "Elogio storico di Mozart" (Historical eulogy on Mozart); Cremona, 1817.

7. Schlosser: "Mozart's Biographie"; Prague, 1828.*

The 3rd category is of the most opposite nature, and is composed of thoughtful works taken either direct from the Mozart family archives, or written with the aid of these documents. First and foremost the volume which has served as basis for the others is that of Councillor Nissen:

1. G. N. von Nissen: "Mozart's Biography"; Leipzig, 1828 with a supplement or appendix.

Nissen was a Danish diplomatist who settled in Vienna shortly after the death of Mozart. There he made the acquaintance of the composer's widow and married her. His reason for so doing may have been to lift her out of misery into more affluent circumstances; but also he may have had a secret wish to win fame for himself by writing the biography of her first and illustrious husband. Ill-luck, however, frustrated the realisation of what may have been his aim and object, for he died before his work was published. But apart from its motive Nissen's biography is a veritable storehouse of precious material. With a little added method and taste the bulky volume might have been transformed into a really excellent book.

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* To complete the list one must quote: the notices by Ginguené and Sevelinges, the anecdotes about Mozart in Vol II. of the miscellanies of literature by Suard, and a few other publications of the same description.

The first writer who undertook to give it shape and form was an English musician:

2. Edward Holmes: "The Life of Mozart, including his correspondence"; London, 1845. Holmes classified and translated Nissen's documents, adding his own personal observations made during his travels in Germany. He thus compiled an admirable work which would have well merited a French translation. However, a Russian dilettante writing in French had already profited by the mass of material collected by Nissen.

3. A. Oulibicheff: "New Biography of Mozart, followed by a short notice on the universal history of music and an analysis of Mozart's principal works," 3 vols; Moscow, 1843. But this publication of M. Oulibicheff, excellent as it is cannot be accurately termed a biography; it is a critical work: a commentary, an analysis of some few chosen subjects. The book is summed up in the second section of its title. Also this well-intentioned study of a few special works is biassed to the extent of overthrowing its own purpose. A German critic, Otto Jahn has rightly said: "the man who is led astray by such exclusive admiration as to underrate even the genius of Beethoven is incapable of understanding Mozart."

As a termination of this list two French works may be mentioned both of which are derived from Nissen's work.

4. Goschler: "Mozart, Life of a Christian artist"; Paris, 1857. This is a collection of letters, made from the special point of view indicated by the title, and trans-

lated into French by a former director of the College Stanislas.

5. Albert Sowinski: "Story of W. A. Mozart, his life and his work"; Paris, 1869. M. Sowinski's volume is a recapitulation of Nissen's augmented by a few critical remarks gleaned from the perusal of other works. The book is useful and authentic.

Finally, the last category of the Mozart publications comprises only two works; they are both of paramount importance. Whilst taking into account all documents contributed by Nissen, they have thrown light on many others of considerable value. The correspondence published by the Danish councillor had in many instances been curtailed, the style touched up and remodelled. All this had been executed, be it understood, with the very best intention and good purpose. However, careful comparisons and revisions restored the original text and formed the basis of the two following notable studies.

1. Otto Jahn: "W. A. Mozart"; Leipzig, 1856-1859. Four large volumes in 8vo. Another edition of this admirable work was reduced to two volumes without much alteration, and published also at Leipzig in 1867.

2. Ludwig von Koechel: "Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichniss sämmtlicher Tonwerke Wolfgang Amade Mozart's" (Thematic and chronological catalogue of the complete works of W. A. Mozart); 1 vol. in 4to; Leipzig, 1862.

Otto Jahn, born in Kiel, 1813, was one of the foremost German philosophists and archæologists. He was professor consecutively at the universities of Greiswald,

Leipzig and Bonn. His official occupations did not interfere with his study of music; it remained always his chief delight and interest. For twenty years he worked with the energy and patience of a Benedictine monk at the composition of his work on Mozart. He died on the 9th September, 1869.

The Chevalier Koechel who died some years later was an Austrian lawyer. His researches commenced about the same time as those of Jahn. His vast catalogue, the first of its kind, has served as model to all those which have since been compiled after its pattern. Otto Jahn and Koechel are the complement one of the other. Together they have erected to the name and fame of Mozart the finest memorial it is possible to dedicate to a man of genius.

Though of secondary interest to the two above quoted authors, the works of Herr Ludwig Nohl must be mentioned.

3. "Mozart's Leben" (Life of Mozart); Leipzig, 1863.

4. "Mozart's Briefe" (Mozart's Letters); Salzburg, 1865.

All these different publications which have never had any circulation in France,* will, together with original research, form the pith and marrow of this biography.

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* It would be easy to prove that Fétis, though he mentions Otto Jahn's biography, had never read it himself. Nevertheless, his article on Mozart is one of his best. If I have not quoted it in this biographical nomenclature, it is merely because I have refrained from enlarging this already lengthy list with the enumeration of the numberless articles on Mozart, contained in dictionaries and encyclopedias.

CHAPTER I.

MOZART'S ANCESTORS.—LEOPOLD AND ANNA MARIA MOZART.—SALZBURG.—BIRTH OF WOLFGANG.—HIS FIRST ACHIEVEMENTS.

THE family of artisans from whom Mozart was descended had resided for a considerable period of years in the town of Augsburg. From father to son they had been bookbinders by profession. This handicraft exercised by a skilful workman becomes an art. It was that of his grandfather, Johann-Georg Mozart, who married in 1708 Anna-Maria Peterin, widow of Augustin Banneger his comrade and possibly also his former employer. Five children were born of the marriage: two girls and three boys. The youngest Johann-Georg-Leopold was to become one day the father of the most illustrious musician of modern times.

The physiognomy of Leopold Mozart is both singular

and interesting. Carmontel's charming picture, painted in Paris in 1763, the engraving of which is well known, gives a good, faithful idea of the sitter, but not a sufficiently salient likeness. He can best be seen and studied as one of the large family group in the Mozarteum of Salzburg. Framed in his curled periwig, encircled by a large stock ending in a spreading bow, his honest countenance, austere, and at the same time malicious, resembles in every feature the portrait he drew of himself in his letters. The forehead is high and uncovered, the eyes keen and penetrating, the chin prominent; the mouth refined, and on it a slightly facetious expression, the nose somewhat thick but with sensitive nostrils; the general aspect permeated by a kind of Gallic roguishness, tempered by the simple good-nature of the German Kapellmeister. This worthy man has been greatly calumniated. He has been looked upon as a kind of Barnum, trading shamelessly on the precocious genius of his children. No statement could be more untrue. In spite of his simple tastes and orderly habits of life, Leopold Mozart remained always poor and needy. The price of his lessons added to the fees of his appointment constituted such a modest sum, that more than once he had to have recourse to the generosity of his friends; he thus contracted heavy debts, the burden of which he had to bear alone. In truth, he was fond of calculating the probable proceeds of a concert, or of a travelling tour; it pleased him to imagine a goodly pile of coins and to hear in fancy their sonorous jingle. Some people might call this miserly

cupidity. But it was not so in his case; for he would amass gain only to spend it opportunely. As it was continually necessary for him to discount the future, he was obliged in the first instance to reckon his losses and meet his debts of honour; so that the fault of parsimony with which he was blamed, cannot, on the other hand be credited to him as a merit, seeing that his practice of it was more from necessity than virtue. He can, however, be praised without reservation for the tender solicitude which he evinced for his children. His Wolferl especially occupied the largest part of his heart.

For, as little by little, this child's extraordinary abilities manifested themselves, they were trained and developed by his father with consummate art. Being an excellent musician, an admirable composer, and gifted for an artist with exceptional general knowledge, he possessed in himself all the necessaries for undertaking the education of such a talented child. Grimm whose testimony is above suspicion gives him in a few words a brilliant testimonial. "The father," he says, "is not only a clever musician, he is also a sensible man, and of sound judgment; I have never known a man of his profession unite so much talent with such a fund of merit."* Apart from all this, his violin method testifies to an accomplished teacher. It is lucid and precise in its lessons,

* Extract from a letter published by Nissen and which is not comprised in his "Correspondance litteraire."

strict and correct in its examples. In his lifetime it gained European fame.*

Other characteristics of Leopold Mozart are his scrupulous uprightness, his devotion to the duties of his profession, his deep and sincere faith. Born a member of the Catholic Church, his piety was practical and fervent; but his good sense enabled him to avoid all superstitious folly, and his veneration for the church did not blind him to the faults of her clergy. Strictly orthodox as he was, he did not fear to censure ecclesiastical government with the verve of a lutheran, and the Archbishop himself, Prince of the Church and his superior, did not always find favour with this caustic intellect and serious reasoner. This love of sarcasm was his darling sin.

Notwithstanding his little whims, Leopold Mozart was valiant-hearted and simple-minded. He possessed in his soul a treasure of love which radiated on all who came in contact with him, and his devotion to his wife was not less edifying than his tender affection for his children. When quite young he had left his native town. Quitting it with the intention of studying jurisprudence he entered the house of the Prince-Bishop of Salzburg as

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* The exact title of this work is "Versuch einer gründlichen Violinschule" (Treatise on a thorough violin method). There are a great many Editions of it, two of which are in the French language. Besides this didactic work Leopold Mozart has written several instrumental and sacred compositions. It is considered, however, almost certain that he never made any effort in the direction of composing music for the theatre. Fétis, misled by Gerber, committed the error of attributing to Leopold Mozart the opera and melodrama by Wolfgang: *la Finta Giardiniera* and Semiramis.

one of his chapel musicians. There he married on November 21, 1747, Anna-Maria Pertlin, daughter of a hospital-bursar of the town.*

She was a good and worthy woman, of indifferent education, gentle and retiring, sheltering herself willingly behind her husband whose superiority she was well aware of, yet gifted with natural wit, and a decided taste for pleasantry and humour. She was extremely pretty, and in their time she passed with her husband for the handsomest couple in Salzburg. Never had there been a happier union, nor a better assorted married pair. Their conjugal affection was of a truly patriarchal character. "To-day is the anniversary of our marriage," wrote Leopold Mozart to his wife, "it is now twenty-five years since the excellent idea came to us of living together. We had contemplated our project for a long time previous, but the best thoughts are the slowest to mature."† With such perfect conformity of mind and character, it was but natural that they should live in absolute sympathy one with another. Besides Leopold Mozart was what is called a family man. His horizon was circumscribed by his simple tastes and affectionate nature to the limits of home

* In the certificate of marriage the name is written : Pertl. The same orthography is used in the certificate of the death of Mozart's mother, kept at the church of St. Eustache, in Paris. Contrariwise in Mozart's birth certificate the name is spelt Pertlin. But the termination *in* or *lin* was often familiarly added to women's patronymics : for example one often finds *die Mozartin* used to designate Mozart's wife. In other official deeds it is written Bertl : this latter is probably the right name.

† Letter dated Nov. 21, 1772, in Otto Jahn's biography of Mozart.

life. He lived within it peaceful and content, surrounded by a little circle of friends: Andreas Schachtner, court trumpeter, Laurent Haguenauer, whose house he rented in the Getreide Gasse No. 225, and a few others with whom we shall become acquainted in the course of this narrative. He attached himself also to the country of his adoption with the same tenacity that he undertook to show in all his other affections. He could not tear himself away from it, and neither his dearly-loved daughter, nor the son he adored, could induce him to leave it and settle in their propinquity. Where he lived, there also would he die.

Salzburg, which stretches itself indolently along the twin banks of the Salza, at the foot of the greater Alps, is one of the loveliest little towns imaginable, and worthy of a poet's dream. An English traveller, Sir Humphrey Davy, maintains that those who cannot get to Naples, should at least visit Salzburg. "When resplendent in the light of the sun, with its wide frontages, its flat roofs, its terraces, its church and convent cupolas, its fountains, —one might well," said M. Paul Joanne, "take it to be a modern Italian city." And it is not alone its houses, or its monuments, such as its cathedrals built of white marble by an Italian architect, Santino Salari, from the plans of one of his compatriots, Scamozzi, which give it this aspect and atmosphere; it is also its situation. For here Nature in her luxuriant fertility is quite devoid of Teutonic stiffness, and so strong is the resemblance that it can easily be mistaken for the land of orange blossom and olive.

The inhabitants of this earthly paradise are not credited with any great open-mindedness. But there are in every land certain populations which are chosen targets for national jests, and who are made to bear "the burden of the iniquities of Israel." The Italians make ill-timed, lessening jokes at the expense of the inhabitants of Bergamo; and in Spain the well-known legendary imbecility of the villagers of Corria in Aragon prompted Velasquez to immortalize them. The French, in spite of their warrant for malice given them by Boileau possess more simplicity of character than they would own to: they have laid the burden of their own *naïveté* on to the backs of the worthy inhabitants of the Champagne. They possessed, so it seems, a strong modicum of it, since it took a whole province to carry its weight. So, if the French have scant respect for the people of the Champagne country, the Germans possess even less for Mozart's native place. "'Whosoever comes to Salzburg," says the proverb, "becomes imbecile the first year, a cretin the second, and merely a Salzburger the third." But, in truth, under the apparent dulness and stupidity of these citizens is hidden the cunning of the peasant. They are artful wights, half nincompoop, half rogue; easily amused by coarse drollery and laughing immoderately at heavy jokes.

On the other hand it can be proved that these villainous reputations are often but merely the creation of slander, insomuch that these calumniated communities avenge themselves well by their wit. The quintessence of Italian gaiety was incarnated in Harlequin, and was

not Bergamo his birthplace? Did not Hanswurst the Teutonic harlequin spring from the centre of Salzburg? And so that the origin of these puppets should be for ever unquestioned, and that they may continually plead the cause of their native town, the dialect of the Brembana valley is used to this day by the jester in Italian comedy, and the jargon of the Salza is glibly chattered by the Teutonic buffoon.

This local spirit, to which a cursory glance has been necessarily given, found scant sympathy from Leopold Mozart; his caustic nature, with its depths of gravity and earnestness, accorded ill with this highly-seasoned and exuberant gaiety. On the other hand, his son, inheriting the tendency from his mother, had his share of it, and more than once was heard bursting into the noisy laugh of the Salzburg Hanswurst.

With his usual conscientiousness, Leopold Mozart began, as soon as he had married the wife of his choice, to settle down to the duties of his new life. Nine months after the wedding day he took his first-born child to the christening-font. Without doubt the good man had already framed many projects over the frail boyish head, when quite suddenly, and after only a few months of life, the infant died. Two other children succeeded the first and died prematurely. A fourth, born June 30, 1751, of a more robust constitution, held more firmly to life. This child, a daughter, known by the name of Marianne, but called Nanette or Nannerl by the parents, showed early signs of becoming a prodigy, and her precocious talent had a marked influence on the intellectual develop-

Portrait drawn by Dora Stock when Mozart visited Dresden in 1789. Original now in the possession of the Bibliothek Peters.

ment of her brother. Two more infants were born before Wolfgang, and died as rapidly as the first babies. It was as if Nature, in order to devise an intelligence so unusual and marvellous, needed many tentative experiments, and shattered one after the other her abortive attempts.

Finally, on the 27th January, 1756, at eight o'clock in the evening, the seventh and last child—Marianne being the only surviving one—opened his eyes to the light in the home of the poor Hofmusicus of Salzburg. He was named Johann-Chrysostom-Wolfgang-Amedeus,* and he was to be the Messiah of modern music. He well-nigh cost his mother her life. The story of his childhood is full of strange wonders. When only three years old he would climb to the piano stool; not, like most babies of his age, for the purpose of hitting the notes with closed

* In the baptismal certificate which is at the same time the birth register, the names are written: *Joannes—Chrysostomus—Wolfgangus—Theophilus.* "There has been some uncertainty about the Christian names of this great artist," says Fétis in his *Universal Biography of Musicians.* "He has himself signed two of his letters thus: *Johannes-Chrysostomus—Sigismundus—Amadeus—Wolfgang. J. C. Wolfgang* is inscribed on the frontispieces of his early works published in Paris, in 1764; lastly, most of the letters and works of Mozart are signed: *Wolfgang—Amade,* or simply *W.—A.*" I do not here recognise Fétis' usual shrewdness. Firstly, the Parisian sonatas are not signed J. C. but J. G., this last letter is the initial of *Gottlieb;* then it is not necessary to be a profound philologist to know that *Theophilus* and *Amadeus,* as well as *Gottlieb* are one and the same in three different languages. Θεόν *μίλεῖν, Amare Deum* and *Gott lieben* signify all three: Love God. As to *Sigismundus,* it is not one of Mozart's baptismal names, but one given him at his confirmation and which he occasionally included in his signature.

fists, but to endeavour, during long hours, to find harmonious successions of thirds. When he was four his father began without any trouble to teach him little piano pieces. Arrived at the age of five the butterfly emerged from his chrysalis, his imagination was aroused, and this lilliputian Kapellmeister commenced by composing minuets, which his father wrote out from his dictation. These little pieces were of simple harmony, but correct, of irreproachable melodic form, and imbued already with the true Mozartian grace and beauty. All these details in spite of their fabulous semblance are by no means idle tales. The facts are vouched for by a score of important witnesses, and besides, the original manuscripts are still in existence.*

From the time that the love of music took possession of the soul of young Mozart, naught else found favour in his eyes; even his comrades' games were of little interest to him unless his favourite art could be merged into them. If, for example, he wanted to take his playthings from one room to another, the removal was performed to the humming accompaniment of a march tune, the beating of a drum, and with puffed out cheeks he would interpolate the sounds of a trumpet. Yet, he always disliked the last named instrument, and up to the age of ten he

* They are five in number: four minuets and an allegro in 2-4 time. They were published by Otto Jahn, from the original manuscripts in the second edition of his book. M. Sowinski has also reproduced in his work on Mozart the above-named *allegro* which belonged to the library of M. Thalberg, and also a fifth minuet, the origin and authenticity of which I have not been able to verify.

was unable to conquer his repugnance to it. It was sufficient to show him a trumpet to make him run away. It caused him to feel as if a blunderbuss was pointed at his chest. His father, hoping it would be easy to dispel this childish terror, tempted the boy to approach, but at the first sound of the strident notes he turned pale and faint, and fell to the ground. The effect very nearly brought on a convulsive fit. Andreas Schachtner, who communicated these details in a letter to Mozart's sister, tells us two or three marvellous anecdotes in connection with them. He was court trumpeter at Salzburg and an intimate friend of the Mozart family. He was unaffected and sincere. Also he never described but what he had seen himself, and, moreover, he related his reminiscences to one whose memories could if necessary have rectified his own. Therefore we can fully trust his testimony.

One day, when the child Mozart was in his fourth year, his father found him pen in hand.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am writing a concerto for the harpsichord."

"Show it to me?"

"It is not yet finished."

"Show it to me, I tell you; it must be queer."

Leopold Mozart took the paper and passed it to Schachtner. The staves were full of double crotchets each of which ended in a huge blot. The child, it appeared, had plunged the pen deep into the ink for each successive note. The two old friends burst out laughing; but Leopold Mozart became suddenly serious, his face assumed an eager look, and his eyes filled with tears.

Under the besmeared scribble of the urchin he had discovered bright traces of budding genius.

"See Schachtner," he said, "how clearly all this is conceived, and with what ease it is worked out. Unfortunately," he added smiling, "it is impracticable for execution.

"But," rejoined Wolfgang, slightly piqued, "it is a concerto, is it not? . . . well, a concerto should be studied until one can play it proficiently."

Another time Schachtner found Wolfgang practising on a small violin which he had given him. "Good-day, Herr Schachtner," said the child. "How is your butter-fiddle? (*Ihre Buttergeige*) Schachtner's violin was christened thus by him on account of the sweetness of its tone. "Do you know," he added, "that it is tuned an eighth of a tone lower than mine; that is to say, if you have not tuned it since you were here the other day." Leopold Mozart, knowing his son's marvellous memory, and his wonderfully accurate musical ear, sent for the instrument, and the boy's statement was at once found to be absolutely exact.

Lastly, one day when Schachtner was playing second violin in a Trio that was being read at the Mozart's house, Wolfgang stood behind him and wanted to double the part. As he had not yet been taught the first elementary violin lessons, his father foresaw discord, and therefore did not wish his guests' pleasure to be disturbed by a child's whim; but as the harshness of his refusal caused bitter tears to flow down the little one's cheeks, he finally gave in to him.

"Sit down then," he said, "and scratch the strings, but softly, so that no one hears you.

The Trio had not progressed many minutes before the amazed Schachtner discerned that his playing was no longer necessary; with the greatest ease Wolfgang had taken his place. Without a word the good man laid down his instrument and allowed the child to finish the movement. One may well imagine the astonishment of the little circle who were witnesses of this miracle, and one can well guess the father's emotion while assisting at this astonishing revelation of his son's genius.

Wolfgang, delighted with the congratulations given him for his cleverness, maintained that he would play the part of first violin quite as easily. There seemed no longer any reason to doubt the tiny virtuoso, so he was put to the test. He was again successful. He met with occasional difficulties, but always extricating himself with wonderful skill, the little man demonstrated the incredible, unheard of feat, of playing the violin without having previously learnt it.

The foregoing are about the only authentic anecdotes we possess of the early years of our little hero. But they are amply sufficient to give us a knowledge of his remarkable organisation. One can admit without difficulty that such special promise would not be rendered sterile and that such performances predicted a fortunate destiny. In truth, the prodigy does not always foreshadow the man of genius. Precociousness is too often the result of premature and forced cultivation which yields blossom without producing fruit. But when genius reveals itself

with such power, and when it is left to its own natural and spontaneous development, an abortion need not be feared.

In his cradle Hercules crushed Juno's serpents in his strong grasp; this godlike exploit, far from weakening his strength, gave additional elasticity and suppleness to his muscles of steel. His power was from within: it grew with his growth and increased in spite of him. So, also, when Rhadamantus placed the bow in the hands of Alcides, and Castor clasped the cestus on to his wrist, he was fit and prepared to strike down Nemeus' lion or to throw across his shoulder the boar of Erymantus.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST TRAVELS.—GENEROSITY OF A PRELATE.—AN INTERRUPTED REPAST.—A FAMILY OF CROWNED VIRTUOSOS.—MOZART AT THE VIENNESE COURT.

WHILE Wolfgang continued to vault merrily over the rudiments of his art, and to play the rôle of Maestro at the age of six, little Marianne was making great progress on the harpsichord, and earning also, while still in her first short frock, the title of virtuoso. The admiration which was lavished upon the children inspired Leopold Mozart with the idea of presenting them at the different European courts. This resolution was strengthened in the early days of 1762, after an excursion to Munich where Wolfgang and Marianne had the honour of playing before the Elector of Bavaria. The enthusiasm with which they were everywhere acclaimed determined him to enlarge the round of their tours. Consequently he obtained leave of absence from

the Archbishop of Salzburg, whose second chapel-master he then was, and started on the 19th September, 1761 with all his family for Vienna. He had previously lined his purse with the result of his savings. But as this modest sum could hardly have sufficed, he had no doubt supplemented it with a small loan borrowed from his landlord, Laurent Haguenauer; for in a series of letters in our possession, he keeps this obliging friend posted up as to all the incidents of his travels, and sends him detailed accounts of his receipts and expenses.

From Salzburg Leopold Mozart went direct to Passau, where, by command of the bishop, who wished to hear the prodigies, he stayed five days. The prelate was delighted with the children. But unfortunately his generosity was not on a level with his enthusiasm. He slipped a ducat into the father's hand and possibly thought it a fair equivalent for the pleasure he had received.*

From Passau the travellers went to Linz where Wolfgang and Marianne gave their first concert. Though history does not relate the fact, yet, no doubt they regaled themselves with the excellent Linzertorte, the recipe of which is kept a profound secret by the cooks of the town. From there they went down the Danube to Vienna. They made acquaintance on the steamer with a Bendictine monk who was travelling with two Friars Minor. Arrived at Ips, the three religious proposed to Leopold Mozart to accompany them with his little family

* A ducat in these provinces was worth eleven francs.

to a monastery of Franciscans. This was one of those productive abbeys where the friars were friendly to good cheer and generous wines, and where they were pleased at all times to dispense kindly hospitality. Also, they bestowed it with the best grace in the world, for these opulent communities were in every respect holy and godly men.

The Abbey of Moelk, which was at no great distance from the one where our travellers stopped, possessed cellars of such vast dimensions that a carriage and pair could be driven through them. In 1809, during the four days in which the French army was making its way across the monastic lands, the friars distributed daily, fifty and sixty thousand pints of wine to the soldiers, and notwithstanding these libations more than half of the contents of the cellar remained untouched.

While the Mozart family were in the chapel, at their devotions, the good Franciscan fathers were enjoying their dinner in the refectory. But when the sound of the organ reached their ears, and they learnt that it was being played by a child of five, they, one and all, left the table and hurried into the church. Wolfgang, flattered by their attendance, surpassed himself. The friars fascinated by his playing forgot all about their dinner and their wines, and remained listening, amazed and wonder-struck. This charming incident, which redounds as much to the credit of the Franciscans for their musical taste, as to the talent of the little musician, deserved, most certainly, to be recorded.

Meanwhile the fame of the little virtuosos had pre-

ceded them to Vienna. Count Palfy, Chancellor of Bohemia, when passing through Linz, had heard them play; he arrived at Vienna full of enthusiasm and soon circulated the report of their genius. Before Leopold Mozart had found time to finish unpacking his clothes, a command came from the palace of Schoenbrun for him to appear there with his children.

The Austrian Imperial family cultivated music with considerable ardour. The Emperor Francis I. was a clever amateur; and as for Maria Theresa, it is sufficient to remember that she was the daughter of Charles VI., one of the most talented pupils of Fux.* Charles VI. was not only a skilful harpsichord player, he was also an excellent sight-reader, a good accompanist, and his sense of time and rhythm was that of an accomplished musician. One day, while he was reading one of Fux's scores under the eyes of the composer, the latter could not refrain from expressing his admiration, "Bravo, Sire," he said, "this is perfect, and on my honour, you are as competent as I, to fulfil the duties of my post." "Herr Fux," answered the Emperor, "I am quite satisfied with my own."

The artist-prince had entrusted the musical education

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* Johann-Josef Fux, born about 1660, at Hirtenfeld, in Styria, near Gratz, was *Kapellmeister* to the Emperors Leopold I., Joseph I., and Charles VI.; he died in Vienna, June 10, 1731. The Chevalier de Koechel has published an excellent work on this composer, comprising his biography, and a detailed catalogue of his works. It is entitled, "Johann Josef Fux, Hofcompositor und Hofkapellmeister"; 1 vol. in 8; Vienna, 1872.

of his daughter to Wagenseil.* Maria-Theresa was gifted with remarkable intelligence and had derived great benefit from the lessons of her talented instructor. She possessed also a beautiful voice and sang with great expression and taste. In the year 1739 she took part in a duet with Senesino at Florence, and sang in such excellent style, and with such heartfelt feeling that the old soprano was quite overcome and shed tears of emotion. When seven years of age she acted and sang in one of the Court operas. Later in life she would boast *à la Faustine*, of being the first virtuoso of her time: the first by right of seniority, she would add, smiling. Maria-Theresa imparted her love of music to the members of her young family. Her many children, all received a thorough musical education. Therefore concerts and operas were frequent at the Court; the princesses played the different operatic rôles while the Archdukes joined the instrumentalists.

The little Mozarts were received with open arms by this courtly, musical society: indeed so cordial was their greeting that Wolfgang climbed at once into the Empress' lap and hugged her as if she was an old friend. His charm and talent fascinated the whole court and Francis I. nicknamed him his little Master-Wizard: *Kleinen Hexenmeister.* The Emperor spent long hours with the boy, testing in different ways his wonderful genius. The little princes and princesses also loved him, and welcomed him with childish familiarity. Marie-

* Georg-Christopher Wagenseil, born in Vienna 1715, died there March 1, 1777.

Antoinette, who was his senior only by two or three months, showed special solicitude for her little protégé. One day he slipped on the polished floor, and fell. Full of anxiety she ran to help him on to his feet. "You are very kind," said Wolfgang, with a grateful look in his eyes, "some day I will marry you."

And when the Empress asked him how such an idea entered his head: "Because I am thankful," he answered. "See how good she is; directly I fell she ran to my rescue, while her sister would have left me sprawling on the ground."* After such a reception at the court the Mozart family easily gained admittance to all the salons of Vienna. Contentions arose as to who should have Wolfgang at the soireés; disputes were frequent; society was in a ferment. Great nobles, such as Count Colloredo, vice-Chancellor of the Empire, Bishop Esterhazy, Count von Kaunitz, Prince von Hildburghausen, would send their carriages with footmen in gala livery to fetch him. But singular to relate in spite of honours and successes sufficient to turn many a stronger head, the child lost none of his innate modesty and sincerity. In the midst of the exciting atmosphere he remained timid and simple, blushing up to the whites of his eyes and bursting into tears when praised immoderately. And yet, the young heart was already full of the lofty pride of the great artist, for he really loved best to play only to connois-

* It is easy to recognise in this childish act of spontaneity, the independent character of the future young Queen, who made for herself such cruel enemies by her utter disregard of courtly etiquette.

seurs. One day when performing before the Emperor and surrounded by a circle of unmusical persons, he asked if Wagenseil was in the palace, adding that he would like to have by his side someone capable of appreciating him. His wish was complied with, and when the musician arrived, Wolfgang said: "Sir, I am playing one of your concertos. Will you be so kind as to turn over for me."

Not only laurels did the young virtuosos receive, but money flowed plentifully into their pockets. Francis I. proved a more generous patron than the Bishop of Passau, and the Empress was most kind in her attentions. She ordered two court costumes which had been destined for her own children to be sent to the little musicians. Marianne received a dress of white broché silk and Wolfgang a suit of lilac cloth, with a watered silk outer vest of similar colour; both suit and vest were edged with deep gold braid. Mozart sat for his first portrait in this court attire. The picture, which is life-size, was afterwards engraved in Nissen's book, and is now in the Mozart museum at Salzburg. A sword is buckled to the little boy's side; his hair is curled and powdered; his hat is carried under his left arm, and the left hand is thrust into an opening in his waistcoat. The contrast of the firm chubby cheeks and wide opened childish eyes, with the pompous, stately dress gives to the little figure the air of a tiny masquerader.

But, nevertheless, just at a time when his countenance was shining with health, a dangerous illness was preparing its insidious inroads. Towards the end of Oc-

tober, Wolfgang was seized with scarlet fever. The poor father was wild with grief. He tendered vows to all the saints in the Calendar, and caused masses to be offered in all the churches of Vienna and Salzburg. Fortunately his anxiety was not of long duration—by the end of the first fortnight the boy was pronounced out of danger. Early in December, Leopold was able at the request of some Hungarian magnates to undertake with his children an excursion to Presburg. He only stayed there a short time; having made a little money he hastened back to Vienna. His holiday had already been prolonged even beyond the extra time allowed him; so he quitted Vienna in the early days of 1763. He was well satisfied with the results of his first tour and began at once making plans for a second one which should include Paris and London as chief halting places.

CHAPTER III.

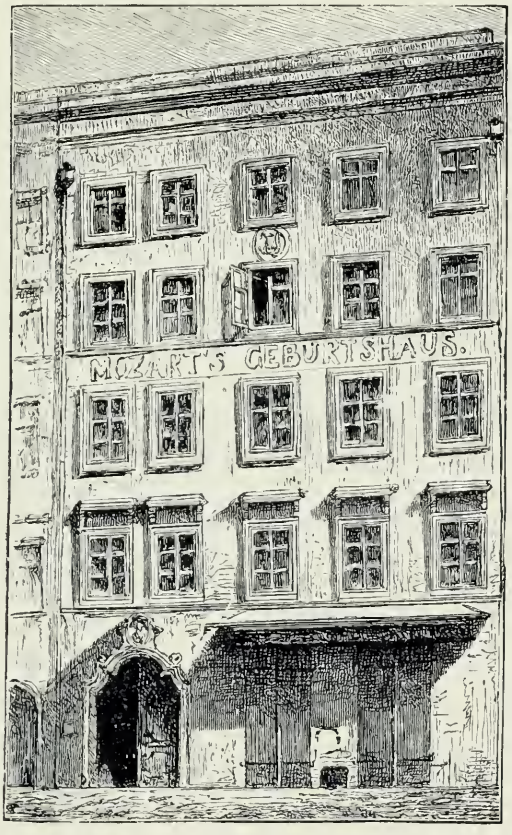
ON THE WAY TO PARIS.—JOMELLI AND NARDINI.—MOZART AND GOETHE.—WOLFGANG AT THE FRENCH COURT.—LEOPOLD MOZART'S ESTIMATION OF FRENCH MUSIC.—AN UNTOWARD PREDICTION.

THE sojourn at Salzburg was a short one. On June 9 of the same year Leopold Mozart started with his wife and children on fresh travels. He had obtained renewed leave of absence and had furnished himself with letters of credit from Laurent Haguenauer. His plans were to make Paris their goal, stopping at the chief courts on the way thither; and as the fine weather season was at its meridian, to choose the summer residences of the sovereigns in lieu of the capitals of their kingdoms.

"At this period," says Otto Jahn, "the taste of the Germans for music was not yet formed, and a real interest in art was only to be met with among the rich and

powerful." Such being the case, it is amusing to observe the touch of vanity in Leopold Mozart's assertion, that during the whole of his travels he frequented solely the society of aristocrats and persons of note. Thence, he reflected, the obligation to travel in a *dignified* manner. In witness whereof, his worship the vice-*Kapellmeister* left Salzburg in a *dignified* postchaise; which same broke down with leisurely *dignity* on the first stage of its journey. His dream and his coach both shattered, Leopold Mozart determined to make the most of the time necessary for the repairing of the latter by visiting the church, showing his son the organ, and explaining to him the use of the pedals. With his usual quickness, the child grasped at once the principle of its mechanism, but finding his little legs would not reach far enough, he pushed the stool aside and standing up, began to work with his feet, "so well and accurately," said his father, "one could have imagined he had been practising for several months."

Meanwhile the postchaise had been repaired and the travellers could continue their journey. The first halt was at the castle of Nymphemburg belonging to the Elector of Bavaria; subsequently Leopold Mozart's birthplace, Augsburg, was reached and there his family kept him in their midst for a couple of weeks. Three concerts were given and the devout director of church music remarked with a certain displeasure that "they were attended solely by Lutherans." Also he wrote to Frau Haguenauer that "since quitting Wasserburg he had no longer found in the inns either holy water stoop or cruci-



House in which Mozart was born at Salzburg.

fix." During his stay in the Palatinate he complains of the food provided on abstinence days: "for they all stuff themselves here with meat." From Augsberg the travellers went to Ludwigsburg, the Versailles of Stuttgart. The renowned Jomelli reigned there as sovereign of its musical world.* This great man lived in most affluent circumstances. He received a yearly salary of 4,000 florins, and was provided with coal, lights and provender for four horses; he had at his disposal both a town and a country house.

Leopold Mozart could not help feeling envious when comparing this brilliant position with his own modest one; at the same time he attributed the indifference of the Duke of Wurtemberg, who either would not, or could not receive him, to the perfidious advice of the Italian composer. Nevertheless his innate honesty of purpose compelled him to do justice to Jomelli, and to state fairly how excellent he judged his influence to be on the chapel orchestra. He heard several celebrated virtuosos there. His knowledge of the violin enabled him to notice Jardini's best pupil, Nardini, in special terms. "For beauty, purity, and smoothness of tone," he wrote, "for the excellence of his *cantabile* playing, he need fear no rival, but he has not much execution." At Schwetzingen, the castle of the Elector of the Palatinate,† the Mozarts had

* Niccolo Jomelli, the Italian Gluck, born at Aversa, 1714, died at Naples, 1774.

† I have no intention of setting myself the easy task of pointing out the errors committed by Mozart's biographers, but it may be as well to occasionally remind readers that their works must be consulted with circumspection. For example, this is how the

better luck than at Ludwigsburg. They were received with the utmost cordiality. Leopold Mozart pronounced the orchestra to be excellent; he asserted in a tone of surprise which was certainly comic, that "at any rate it is not composed of a crowd of drunkards, gamblers, and lazy rascals."

After visiting Heidelberg and Mayence, the tourists arrived at Frankfort, where little Wolfgang aroused so great an enthusiasm that it was found necessary to give four consecutive concerts. At one of these, another Wolfgang was present, whose star was in the ascendant, and whom one day Germany was to acclaim as her greatest poet. On this occasion, chance crossed the paths of Mozart and Goethe for the one and only time; who knows had they met again what wonderful fancies might have been evolved by a conjunction of their genius. Goethe retained a vivid remembrance of this meeting. "I was barely fourteen years old," he wrote to Eckermann, "but I see, as if I was still there, the little man with his child's sword and his curly hair."

Travelling via Coblentz, Bonn, and Aix-la-Chapelle, the Mozarts reached Brussels. They stayed there several days, and then left for Paris, where they arrived on November 18. They took up their quarters in the Rue St. Antoine, at the Hotel Beauvais, the residence of the Count

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Abbé Groschler translates this sentence of Leopold Mozart: "I heard a certain Nardini, *who has a beautiful voice;* it is of exceeding purity, of incomparable smoothness, and he sings with excellent taste; *as actor* he is not worth much. It is amusing to notice that M. Sowinski, by following in the steps of the Abbé, makes exactly the same blunder.

Van Eyck, son-in-law of Count Arcole, Grand Chamberlain to the Count of Salzburg. Leopold Mozart had procured numberless letters of introduction to influential townspeople and important persons at Court; he hoped by their means to make his way in the capital. But these excellent recommendations did not prove of any great value. A humble missive given him by the wife of a Frankfort merchant served his purpose better than any of the others. It was addressed to *Monsieur Frederic Melchior Grimm, man of letters, and secretary to Monseigneur le duc d'Orleans.* The part Grimm had taken in the quarrel of the Bouffons had earned him a certain authority in musical matters and he used it very energetically for his compatriots. He accompanied them himself to several houses and obtained presentations for them at Court, where they were most cordially received by the King and Queen, and the Royal children. The little Mozarts were overwhelmed with caresses and presents, and on New Year's Eve they attended the State Banquet. Madame Mozart and Marianne sat near Louis XV., and Leopold Mozart and Wolfgang were placed one on each side of the Queen. The Royal hostess helped her tiny guest to dainties and delicacies, and chatted familiarly with him in her mother tongue.

The child's extraordinary powers, moreover, excited general surprise; the heads of the Parisians were literally turned by his precocious genius. His praises were sung in prose and verse, and painters immortalised his linea-

ments on their canvases.* Grimm echoed the general admiration in a letter dated December 1st, which was inserted in the "Correspondance litteraire."†

The juvenile composer published his first printed works in Paris. They were entitled: Four sonatas for the harpsichord, which may be played with violin accompaniment. The 1st and 2nd were dedicated to Madame Victoire de France; the others to the Comtesse de Tessé, lady in waiting to Madame la Dauphine. Grimm, who had taken upon himself to write the dedicatory letters, made use of the most ridiculous expressions. He pretended to take the following sentiments and language from the lips of a child of eight. "You would not wish, Madame, that I should express with regard to you what the public can declare. This restraint lessens the regret I feel on leaving France. Since I can have no longer the happiness of paying you my addresses, I will betake myself to countries where I can at least say as much as I would of what you are, and what to you I owe."

Though the antiquated style of this dedication provokes a smile, it also shows how intimate the young artist was with the Royal family. And this intimacy is still more strongly demonstrated by an exceptional favour which he received. Notwithstanding the Opera license

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* Two portraits of Mozart were executed in Paris: the first painted by Carmontelle, and engraved by Delafosse is well known; the second, which was originally in the galleries of the Duc de Rohen-Chabot, is now in the Louvre. An engraving of it is contained in Volume II. of the "Galeries historiques de Versailles," by Ch. Gavard. Paris, 1828.

† Volume III., page 367.

and those of the Comedie Italienne and the Concert spirituel, the lieutenant of police, M. de Sartines, granted him leave to appear and play twice before the public at M. Felix's theatre in the Rue St. Honoré. The last of these concerts took place on April 9, 1764. The next day Leopold Mozart left Paris with his family; they crossed from Calais to Dover and went from thence to London. The visit to the French capital had been of several weeks' duration and Leopold carried away with him a rather bad opinion of French musical art. It is reported that he said somewhere that "French music was not worth a button." Yet, not withstanding the accuracy of his judgment and his well-known fairness, this summary condemnation need not be taken seriously. When Leopold Mozart gave this as his opinion he did not do himself justice; he was really making himself the spokesman of one more authorised to speak. This impertinence may be taken as an act of modesty.

It was not in reality a question of French instrumental music; for Leopold Mozart had previously spoken of it in totally different terms, and had stated that it was entirely in the hands of German musicians. Gossec's reputation was yet in its infancy; his early symphonies are dated 1754; and he had not yet attained the popularity which later the theatre was to give him. It was not either a question of French sacred music of which the excellent chapel-master had spoken so cavalierly. For he had judged that in a most equitable manner. Speaking of the practices at the Chapel Royal he said, "I heard good and bad music. All that is written for unaccom-

panied voices and that approaches tunefulness is empty, cold, pitiable. *On the other hand the choruses are all good and even excellent.** The hasty sally that we have quoted can therefore only relate to French operatic music. And it is more than probable that Leopold Mozart never heard any; for owing to a fire at the opera house, no operas could be heard. When it re-opened on April 6, 1763, with "Castor and Pollux," followed by the revival of "Tithon et l'Aurore," the good man was so occupied with his own personal affairs, and with the organisation of his concerts, that he had no time for other interests.

The Comedie Italienne, which had just merged itself with the Opera Comique, was probably considered by him a spectacle of too little musical value to merit his attention. Otherwise would he have left unnoticed two little masterpieces: the "Sorcerer," of Philidor, produced January 2, 1764, and "Rosa and Colas," of Montigny, given for the first time March 8th of the same year?

It is thus evident that Leopold Mozart must be acquitted of any charge of thoughtlessness or injustice. His guide and oracle, Grimm, was the true culprit: Grimm, surnamed *the minor prophet of Boehmischbroda*, who partly shared, and just stopped short of proclaiming Rousseau's opinion, "that the French could boast of no national music, and could never possess any."

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* This criticism is applicable to motets by Destouches and Lalande. It is also probable that Leopold Mozart attended the sacred concerts on the feasts of the Purification and the Annunciation (February 2 and March 25) at which several pieces by Dauvergne, Bellisson, Gouler and Lalande were sung. When the Christmas concerts were taking place, he was at Versailles.

Leopold Mozart's views on the subject of French morals were anything but favourable; and they could hardly have been otherwise. The Court of Louis XV. was not calculated to edify anyone so thoughtful and religious; and his impressions of life in aristocratic circles was not such as to modify the sternness of his opinions. He noticed that the nobles imitated their King, and made a point of sharing his tastes; that family life was extinct, and public finances solely in the hands of a few large financiers and landowners who wasted them on loose women. He saw the reign of licence and debauchery established over all classes, and he gravely predicted that "like the Persian Empire, the Kingdom of France would soon run its course and come to an end."

CHAPTER IV.

MOZART IN ENGLAND.—AN ACADEMICAL FRIENDSHIP.—HANDEL'S ORATORIOS.—GERMANY VANQUISHED BY ITALY.—MOZART IN HOLLAND.—A TIME OF TRIAL.—PARIS AGAIN.—MOZART IN SWITZERLAND.—HOME-COMING.

THE reception awaiting the young virtuoso at the English court was even of a more cordial nature than that of Versailles. "The King and Queen," wrote Leopold Mozart, "received us with the utmost graciousness; their kindness and affability was such that without effort we felt at our ease in their presence. We were treated with politeness by all the princes, but nothing could exceed the exquisite courtesy of the royal couple. Owing to their German origin and education the King and Queen were better prepared than the frivolous French Court to appreciate the genius of young Mozart. Queen Caroline was a good musician; she sang with taste and

played the harpsichord artistically and well. King George was a clever amateur; he was a patron of good music and was always full of enthusiasm for Händel's compositions.

Händel had been dead five years when the little Salzburg musician arrived in England. His place was taken by one of the great Bach's sons: Johann-Christian, surnamed the gallant. He was not altogether a worthy successor of Händel. He had repudiated the German school in favour of the Italian: hence the origin of his nickname. But he was a fine musician like all the other scions of his robust and illustrious family, and he felt at once the fascination of the little prodigy. He would take him on his knees and amuse himself for long hours reading pieces for the harpsichord with him: sometimes commencing a phrase and watching the child continuing it. The little boy would swiftly seize an idea and amplify it, with a smoothness of touch that would make it difficult for a listener to distinguish where the older man began or the younger left off. Another time Bach would give the subject of a fugue and leave Wolfgang the task of developing it.

So rare a talent naturally aroused interest. All London flocked to Wolfgang and Marianne's concerts. They were advertised as "two of the marvels of the world," and money flowed freely into their father's treasury. At one of these concerts the worthy man, was, according to his own expression, "quite overcome to find that he had received in less than three hours a sum of one hundred guineas."

But though the English are prodigal of their gold,

they are not so liberal with their admiration; they do not give themselves up to the emotion of the moment with the facility which is at the same time the charm and danger of the French character. Before he allows himself to be filled with enthusiasm the Esglishman must have tangible proofs from others of the genuineness of what he is called upon to admire. Daines Barrington, member of the Royal Society, a clever lawyer and celebrated naturalist, allayed his own doubts by instituting a formal enquiry. He questioned Wolfgang, procured his birth certificate by diplomatic agency, passed the little prodigy under a measuring standard, and then drew up his report. This memorable document recognised the validity of the child's claims to public admiration and gravely stated that this extraordinary phenomenon was *a boy who measured seven feet in height.**

Apart from this characteristic detail, the English enthusiasm was a faithful reflex of the Parisian fervour.

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* Account of a very remarkable young musician. In a letter from the Hon. Daines Barrington to Matthew Maly, Sec., R.S.—in Volume LX. (year 1870) of "Philosophical Transactions."

Translator's Note:—M. Wilder is mistaken in supposing that Daines Barrington *stated* that Wolfgang measured *seven feet in height*. By replacing the sentence he has italicised into the letter from which it was taken, it can be clearly seen that no such assertion was made: "Sir, If I was *(sic)* to send you a well-attested account of a boy who measured seven feet in height when he was not more than eight years of age, it might be considered as not undeserving the notice of the Royal Society. The instance which I now desire you will communicate to that learned body of as early an exertion of most extraordinary musical talent, seems perhaps equally to claim their attention. . . . . ."—Vol. LX. (year 1770), of "Philosophical Transactions."

There was the same series of programmes and gradation of prodigy performances; the same sequel of sonatas dedicated to the Queen, in the same high-flown sentences originally inspired and inflated on the other side of the water, by Grimm. And at this juncture it is well to note two decisive steps in the progressive career of the young artist. His first sonatas were written in Paris, and it was in London that he composed his first symphonies. He wrote three of the latter, at a stretch, during an illness of his father's, at a time when the harpsichord was perforce silenced.*

The second point to which we would draw attention relates to the vocal training of the young composer. During the Lenten season he had occasion to hear Händel's oratorios: the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Alexander's Feast"; but these great works do not seem to have impressed him at first hearing. The Saxon Titan's music may have struck him as harsh and rough of form; it held no sway over his gentle spirit, and even later, as it must be confessed, when Mozart appraised Händel and gave him close and intimate attention, he failed to

* These symphonies have remained in manuscript. The first and second are in E major, the third in D major. Otto Jahn and Koechel quote a fourth in B flat major. Notwithstanding the weight of their authority I find it difficult to believe they were written the same year as the preceding ones. My principal reason for suspecting the date is that the first eight orchestral compositions of Mozart (four symphonies and four concertos) are all similar in design. They each contain three movements: an introduction, an *andante*, and an *allegro* or final *presto;* while the symphony in B flat has four movements and introduces already the minuet, which Mozart did not adopt until later.

measure the height of the Colussus. This is amply proved by the manner in which he re-arranged some of Händel's works.

But though oratorio did not fascinate him, it was otherwise with regard to operatic works. For the first time he beheld this beautiful creation of Italian genius; he watched the fine spectacle developing before his eyes with all its melodic magnificence and wealth of musical ideas. He also heard for the first time great tenors and admirable sopranos, whose art had been cultivated to the highest degree of excellence and perfection. It was then he saw the first representation of "Adriano in Siria" of Christian Bach; and then also he heard the soprano, Tenducci, whose exquisite phrasing was unsurpassed, and the famous and fashionable singer, Manzuoli, who had delighted successively Italy, Spain, Germany and England. Manzuoli was delighted with Wolfgang; he recognised at once the boy's quickness and intelligence, and wished to train him in the art in which he had himself met with so much renown and success. So he gave him a course of lessons and shared his knowledge with his young disciple. This excellent instruction gave Mozart a marked advantage in after life over his rivals.

Leopold Mozart left London July 24, 1765, with his two children. Though his leave of absence had been prolonged far beyond the prescribed time, he yielded to the wishes of the Dutch Ambassador, and started for the Hague. This journey was fated to be a series of trials and accidents. At Lille, Wolfgang fell seriously ill. He had hardly regained his normal health, and they had

only just had time to reach the capital of the Low Countries, having travelled through Ghent, Mechlin and Antwerp, when Marianne was seized with a dangerous fever. The poor father had abandoned all hope of her recovery, and upheld by his religious belief had resigned himself to the inevitable, when thanks to her robust constitution, the young girl took a turn for the better and recovered from her grievous illness. She was hardly out of danger, when Wolfgang, still convalescent, had a dangerous relapse. Only by dint of great care and attention was he restored to health. But after this second recovery the child could not be induced to give his brain the necessary repose. He asked for a little portable writing desk to be installed on his bed, and though his fingers were so emaciated that he could hardly hold a pen, he commenced to work at a new symphony. It was performed at Amsterdam, where he remained four weeks and gave two concerts. Besides this symphony, he wrote also in Holland six new sonatas, some few other pieces of less importance, and a *galimathias musicum*, the finale of which comprises, under the form of fugue and imitation, an old Dutch national air, written by Marnix de St. Aldegonde, and inspired by the recovery of Dutch liberty and independence.*

After leaving Holland, the Mozart family traversed Flanders and Picardy for the second time, arriving in Paris May 20, 1765. This second sojourn in the French capital was not so successful as the first. The Parisians

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* Wilhelmus Van Nassouwen
Ben ik, van dietschen bloed.

did not evince the same interest or curiosity. The travellers, however, stayed until July 9, and Wolfgang composed a "Kyrie" for four voices with string accompaniment, which already heralded the early maturity of his genius.* From Paris they went to Switzerland through Dijon where the States of Burgundy† were assembled, and through Lyons where owing to the kindness of an art-loving merchant they remained several weeks. They stopped but a short while at Geneva, Lausanne, Berne, and stayed several days in Zurich, in the hospitable house of Salomon Gessner, then in the prime of his life and at the brilliant apogee of his talent. When taking leave of his guests, this celebrated poet presented them with a volume of his writings, in which he had written a most flattering dedication. Continuing their journey, the Mozarts passed through Winterthur, Schaffhausen and Donaueschingen. At Biberich, Wolfgang almost met his compeer in the person of young Sixtus Bachmann, who was his senior by only one year and a half, and had already made a wide reputation.

Sixtus Bachmann, who later entered the monastery of Marchtal, on the Danube, was born July 18, 1754. Nissen gives this date accurately, but M. Sowinski, when copying, mistook the figures and by so doing made a ludicrous blunder. Mozart he said "held a contest on the organ

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* This composition has been published by Otto Jahn, in the second edition of his great work: Vol. II. Supplement III.

† See on this subject a pamphlet of M. Ch. Poisot: "Lecture sur Mozart à propos du 116e anniversaire de la naissance de ce maître."—Dijon, 1872.

with the *Reverend* Sixtus Bachmann": thus giving the clerical prefix to a child of eleven!

From Biberich the little caravan went to Munich, and then finally returned to Salzburg at the end of November, 1766. At the sight of the home of his childhood Wolfgang jumped for joy, and raced round the house delighted to inspect again all the old-fashioned chests, cupboards, and armchairs, which not even the sumptuous furniture of courts had obliterated from his memory. He renewed also his alliance with his favourite pet, a large cat, confided during his absence to the care of the wife of Laurent Haguenauer, from whom he enquired after the health of her son, Dominic. Hearing that this young man had returned from his travels and had entered a monastery, Wolfgang, thinking he should not see him again, wept bitterly; but hearing his fears were unfounded, he dried his tears, promising himself to visit Dominic promptly, and to utilise to his own profit his friend's rare talent and skill in catching flies!

In the meantime, while awaiting the realisation of his fine projects, Leopold Mozart placed a quire of music-paper by the side of his son, and opened for him the pages of his "Gradus ad Parnassum." This was, in reality, a venerable old book of Fux, which Cherubini, in his "Treatise on Counterpoint" had taken for his guide and model; it was used for Wolfgang's studies, as attested by his copybooks kept in the Mozarteum of Salzburg.

Thus after an absence of three years, the young artist returned to his native country. His triumphal progress through France, England, Belgium, Holland and Swit-

zerland had in no way impaired his simplicity of character, nor sullied the childish purity of his mind and soul. Flowers and eulogies had been lavished on him; flattering tongues had told him he had no more to learn; he remained modest and unassuming, with his spirit, calm and untroubled. He possessed the humility of the strong, and returned as docile as ever to the ranks of his schoolfellows. Work and study were to consolidate his newly-acquired knowledge, and give him, at the same time, new strength for the free scope of his dawning genius.

Mozart aged seven years in Court costume presented to him by the Empress Maria Theresa. Painter unknown. Original in the Mozarteum at Salzburg. This is the earliest Portrait of Mozart. Taken in Vienna in 1762.

CHAPTER V.

SALZBURG COMPOSITIONS.—THE MIRAGE OF ITALY.—TRIALS IN VIENNA.—THE FIRST OPERA.—MOZART A RIVAL OF JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

THOUGH Wolfgang's time at Salzburg was specially given up to study, yet some of it was devoted to composition. It must be remembered that the year 1767 witnessed the initial production of his series of vocal compositions. And the first of these owes its existence to the scepticism evinced by the Archbishop of Salzburg. This prelate had hitherto not given credence to the reports of the wonders performed by the son of his Kapellmeister; so he resolved to put his genius to a decisive test. He gave Wolfgang the text of an oratorio, and locked him up with it in one of the rooms of the palace. After a few days captivity the bird beat against the bars of his cage and joyously regained his

freedom, leaving the Archbishop astounded by his precocious ability and imaginative fertility.

"Apollo and Hyacinthus," a second work of Wolfgang's, of this same period, was executed by the Salzburg University pupils at the end of the scholastic year. It comprises an introduction, a chorus, five vocal trios, two duets, and a final trio. Before setting to work on the little score, Wolfgang had courageously attacked the study of Virgil and Horace's idioms. With rare wisdom, and one seldom met with at his age, he understood the folly of trying to give musical expression to words, the sense of which he could only guess at through the medium of a translation. How unlike the majority of composers who spend their lives writing motets and masses to a text, the sense and meaning of which they ignore.*

A cantata on the Passion, and four concertos for harpsichord were written during this period by the child for his own personal use, in view of his approaching journey to Vienna. For, since his return to Salzburg, Leopold Mozart cherished a dream, a similar one to which visited, about this period, the slumbers of most musicians. He dreamed of seeing Italy. His project was to take his son first to Vienna to place him under the protection of the Emperor, and from thence to lead him into that promised

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* We possess as witness of these studies, a little note, the first literary autograph of Mozart, containing the following sentence, the autography of which we duly respect: *Cuperem scire, de qua causa à quem plurimus adolescentibus ottium usque adeo aestimetur, ut ipsi se nec verbis, nec verberibus, ab hoc sinant abduci.*

land where his education could be completed, and his future renown definitely assured.

It is well to remember that at this epoch Italy was not only the classic home of the *bel canto*, she was also the foster-mother of great composers, the *alma parens* to whose life-giving bosom young musicians came for strength and nourishment. Music in Italy had insinuated itself among all classes: it was, so to speak, incarnated in a language which seemed specially created for it; it roamed the streets and the public thoroughfares with the people; it was to be found in the home of the citizen; it took posession of the palaces and theatres of the nobles; and it established itself in the wake of the clergy under the vast cupolas of their cathedrals.

It was a time when Naples and Venice contested the right to hold the sceptre of the empire of music; when the young folk of each of these cities filled half a dozen conservatoires by day and thronged half a score of theatres by night. It was the time when Guglielmi, Anfossi, Hasse, Bertoni, Sacchini, Galuppi, Piccini, and a score of others allied their music to Metastasio's words, the rhythm alone of which was already melody. It was the time when Paisiello poured out his soul in tender and graceful cantilenas, when Cimarosa's lips trembled with the laughing prelude to his immortal buffooneries. Lastly, it was the time when the trained and perfected voice of a Cafarelli or a Farinelli, of a Faustine or a Cuzzoni, could sway the populace to unbounded enthusiasm, and when the inspired art of these great artists was so entirely merged with that of the composer and

penetrated so deeply into his meaning, that it was almost difficult to praise the work apart from the interpreter. In a word, Italy was not only a privileged nation, a country more musical than others: it was Music's own domain. Melody, like the song of the grasshopper, was heard by the wayside, it was rocked on the waves in the bark of the gondolier, and floated broadcast in the air like golden motes along a sun-ray.

But this diadem of which Italy was so proud, was on the point of falling from her brow; and at least the time was not far distant when some of the purple would be torn from her, and her sovereignty held in dispute. For the art, which in Germany had for some time taken an underground course, and wherein the genius of Sebastian Bach lay concealed, was beginning with the symphonies of Joseph Haydn to well upwards like a spring of pure water in the full light of the sun.

In London, Händel, though still enamoured in his operas of the Italian style, had in his oratorios, created an entirely new art. Later the English proudly claimed him, and his powerful, sublime music as their own.

In France, Lully and Rameau were, notwithstanding their talent, in spite even of their genius, but plagiarists of the Florentine composers. It is, however, a singular fact that though their muse was but a bastard child of the originators of lyrical drama, it reflected the paternal traits with greater fidelity than the legitimate offspring; for whilst the seductions of form caused the Italians to forget their origin and to lose themselves in generalities of expression, the two French composers attached them-

selves closely to the principles of Peri and Monteverde. Wilfully binding themselves to the letter, they followed it step by step in a strictly literal language: often at the risk of falling into puerile subtleties of meaning and setting up a ridiculous play upon words. But here as elsewhere other times were at hand. Already Gluck had broken the bonds which bound him to Italy and was preparing to build a real national opera on the structure of the French language. In the meantime Italy shone with a greater lustre than ever and still retained all the power of her fascination. And Leopold Mozart's dazzled eyes continued to gaze in her direction.

It was necessary for him to find a pretext for leaving Salzburg and he found an exceedingly plausible one. He seized the occasion of the approaching festival in Vienna in honour of the marriage of the Archduchess Josepha with King Ferdinand of Naples. He cleverly turned this excuse for travelling into account and obtained permission to start with his family on September 11, 1767. On reaching Vienna he greviously regretted his decision. Small-pox had broken out in the town, and the Princess, on the occasion of whose engagement the festivities were organised, was one of the first victims. In a few days the epidemic was raging with such violence that Leopold Mozart became quite distraught with fear, and fled from the contagion with his family to Olmütz, in Moravia. But his alarm came too late; the children had carried away with them the germs of the terrible illness. It declared itself first with Wolfgang and soon after Marianne was struck down. During

this critical emergency the poor father met on the journey a noble-hearted man, the Count Postatski, Dean of the cathedral of Olmütz, and Canon of Salzburg. He fearlessly took the little invalids into his house and gave them all the attention necessary for their condition. Though both of them had been badly attacked by the small-pox, they were quickly out of danger; but their convalescence was lengthy—Wolfgang remained quite blind for nine days—and it was impossible to think of going back to Vienna until the beginning of January, 1768. They returned just in time to hear "Alcestis," which Gluck was then producing.* This new and original music took a strong hold on young Mozart, and he retained the impression in his memory. Later he studied with marked predilection the score which had so forcibly affected him. But "Alcestis" did not gain so easily the liking of Leopold Mozart. He was too wedded to Italian form and his mind was not open to ideas of reform. He openly preferred the "Parthenope" of Hasse, which he had heard a few weeks previously; and in this case his taste coincided with that of the Viennese who received Gluck's *chef-d'œuvre* with volleys of mocking jests and jokes.†

* December 16, 1767, and not '68 as recorded by M. Desnoiresterres.

† The following are a few specimens of some of these flippant remarks: "Fancy! for nine whole days they deprive us of spectacular performances, and on the tenth they regale us with a *De Profundis!*—Dear friends, the composer has tried to make us weep: if from ennui then has he well succeeded.—Truly one might as well fling one's money into the gutter, as listen to such twaddle! what a senseless plot! a crazy fool who wants to die instead of her husband." (See Sonnenfels, "Gessammelte Schriften," v. 5, p. 155.)

Meanwhile, thanks to their former relations, the Mozart family were received again at Court. But since the death of Francis I. the Empress-Dowager no longer interested herself in either music or theatres, and Joseph II. was of too economical a turn of mind to spend his money on festivities, or on gratuities to artists. On this occasion he contented himself with showing a prudent and apathetic regard for Wolfgang, expressing, at the same time, the wish that he would write an opera for the theatre where Gluck had just been represented.

This imperial whim corresponded with Leopold Mozart's dearest wishes. For he felt certain that his son's future prospects and career would be assured, if only his arrival in Italy could be preceded by a success in Vienna. So he placed himself on good terms with the poet Coltellini, father of the celebrated singer, and awaited that the Emperor's command should be officially notified to the Impresario of the Court theatre. Signor Affligio bowed respectfully and declared himself ready to hand over one hundred ducats to the young maestro on the day of the first representation of the "Finta Simplice": comic opera in three acts. Unfortunately Affligio was a rogue of the very worst stamp. The end of his career proved this but too clearly, for he was prosecuted for forgery and ended his days in the imperial galleys. Meek and fawning when his own interests were not at stake, he would throw off the mask if the expectations he had based on the generosity of the court were unlikely to be realised. As soon as he had convinced himself that the imperial treasury could no longer be drawn upon for his covetous

demands, he cancelled without ceremony the contract he had unreservedly taken, and to facilitate his release from responsibility he involved young Mozart in a perfect network of intrigues and cabals. And he thus gave himself fine sport, for by choosing a child to write him an opera, the emperor had wounded the vanity of all the Viennese musicians: *genus irritabile* as well as the race of poets.

Nevertheless the young composer wended his way calmly in the midst of the general excitement, concerning himself little with the outcry he had raised, and working with renewed energy. He finished his bulky score which contained independently of the overture no less than twenty-six separate numbers. His future interpreters were enchanted with their parts; they extolled the opera in all directions asserting that it would have a brilliant success: *Questo è un portento! Questa opera andrà alle stelle!* Those who were admitted to rehearsals were for ever talking of their surprise; and one of Wolfgang's strongest adversaries overcome by the palpable proof of the boy's genius, exclaimed, "this child is the greatest of his time."*

* This remark has been attributed to Haydn, but Leopold Mozart does not name the author of it. One cannot help thinking that had it emanated from one of such high authority he would not have failed to turn it to account. With regard to the cabals instigated against young Mozart, Fétis wrongfully names the author of "Alcestis" as their originator. "It is sad to relate," he writes, "that Gluck was of the number of his enemies." This opinion, which is based on an inconsiderate remark of Leopold Mozart, is without proper foundation. Apart from taking into account Gluck's character, and the fact that he would not have lowered himself to such mean tactics, it is easy to prove that the whole ambition of this great musician was concentrated at that

Hasse, after having looked through the score of "La Finta Simplice," declared that quite as many as thirty operas which had been performed in Vienna would not together equal the value of the work of the young composer. In short, it was altogether a chorus of eulogies to which Affligio alone turned a deaf ear. He invariably found some reason for delaying the staging and rehearsals of the new opera, and when urged by the impatience of the father, he ended by plainly declaring that if his hand was forced he would make arrangements to have the work hissed and covered with ridicule. On hearing this brutal threat, Leopold Mozart had no other resource left but to complain to the Emperor. So he accordingly took this course. But the Vienna theatre was a private enterprise, and for his intervention to have any good result, Joseph II. would have been obliged to untie his purse-strings. On this point the Emperor's courage failed him, and so he respected his impresario's omnipotence and the unfortunate composer had perforce to follow his illustrious example.

Yet, Wolfgang was not to leave Vienna without some

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time on the opera in Paris. The Italian theatre in Vienna was to him a matter of complete indifference. Moreover, Leopold Mozart would be contradicting himself, for he had stated in one of his letters that Gluck was a partisan of his son. Unwilling to credit the great maestro with absolute impartiality, he attributed his goodwill to the influence of the Duke of Braganza, one of Wolfgang's patrons, and a great admirer of Gluck. The latter had inscribed this nobleman's name on the cover of the score of "Pàride ed Elena." But the very fact that Leopold Mozart found it necessary to search for an explication of Gluck's sympathy on other grounds than those of art, is sufficient evidence that it had been given.

compensation for these cruel experiences. Reverses of fortune failed to dishearten him, and he had not even awaited the solution of his differences with Affligio to begin with eagerness on the score of a new opera in one act. This was acted and received with immense applause in the country house of a Viennese doctor, a namesake of the apostle of magnetism. This little work, entitled "Bastien and Bastienne," had taken its title and plot from a joint operette of Mme. Favart and Harny, which in its its turn was an imitation, or, as it was then termed, a parody of "Le Devin de Village" (the village fortune-teller).*

The score of "Bastien and Bastienne," as also that of "La Finta Simplice," is unpublished; which is certainly a pity, for it would be interesting to compare the former with that of Rousseau, at first so warmly received and for a long time so popular.†

But in addition to this little private success, fate reserved a public triumph for young Mozart. On the occasion of the dedication of a new church he was given

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* The word *parody* did not possess in the eighteenth century the same exclusive meaning as now-a-days. It had a more general acceptation and one more in conformity with its etymology: it was applicable to any piece the couplets of which could be put into rhyme with music previously composed παρά et ὠδή, what is written alongside of the song.

† This work, in spite of its limited dimensions, is not without importance. It comprises an introduction, ten solos, four duets, and a final trio. Fétis believed that he possessed the autograph score, but Koechel asserts that the original remained with the editor, André, of Frankfort. It must be at present in the Berlin library.

the commission to write a mass—his first—the rendering of which he directed himself. The good report which attached itself to his name after this fresh test of his powers, avenged him at one stroke of all his detractors.

In the interim bad tidings came and took Leopold Mozart by surprise. A letter from the Bishop's majordomo apprised him of the fact that henceforth his salary would be paid him proportionately with the length of his residence in Salzburg. After his long and expensive sojourn in the capital of the empire this came somewhat as a blow. He bore it with his usual dignity. "So much the better"! he exclaimed, "I shall be able to leave for Italy free and without any afterthought." However the force of circumstances were such as to modify this project as well as to postpone it. Do as he would, he had to return to Salzburg to make preparations for his contemplated grand tour, and to collect means for his purpose.

CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE FOR ITALY.—ROVEREDO, VERONA, MANTUA AND CREMONA.—TIME WELL-SPENT IN MILAN.—LODI, BOLOGNA AND FLORENCE.—ROME AND THE SIXTINE CHAPEL.—NAPLES AND DOLCE FARNIENTE.—BOLOGNA.

WHILE Leopold Mozart continued to dream of future travels, his son was peaceably continuing the course of his studies, with just an occasional interruption for the purpose of writing some new composition. He composed, about this time, a mass to be performed at the ordination of Dominic Haguenauer, whose entrance into a monastery had so affected him.

At this juncture the Archbishop, who really regretted having cut off his conductor's salary, feeling he would like to efface the remembrance of his act by one of supreme courtesy, gave orders for the performance, at his court, of the opera which the Viennese had been deprived of by the various cabals. The prelate, however, possessed

neither concert hall nor operatic company, so for this special occasion a stage and scenery were erected in the throne-room of the palace, and the members of the chapel choir seconded by the court pages distributed the parts of the opera amongst themselves. The details of this unique representation of "La Finta Simplice" have not reached us, but there is no doubt that it created a favourable impression, for soon after the Archbishop gave the young composer the post of conductor at the court concerts.

This somewhat tardy affability did not have the effect of diverting Leopold Mozart from his determination; besides the idea of his travels presented itself to his mind as a duty, a charge imposed upon him by Providence. As formerly Jehovah spoke to Moses, God seemed to say to him: "Thou wilt lead my people into the land of Canaan." So as to act in obedience to this voice he relinquished without scruple the salary with which he had kept his family, and made a brave sacrifice of his last savings. But it must not be thought that this disinterestedness was only simulated to conceal the reckoning of what sowing with one hand he would reap with the other. He cherished, on the contrary, no illusion on that score; and as he has so often been accused of cupidity it is well to insist on this point. He knew full well that the proceeds from concerts in Italy were extremely small, and that tuition at the majority of academies was gratuitous. "We do not expect to make a fortune," he said, "the least we can hope is to cover our journey expenses." Still, though he had anticipated the disadvantages of

his travels, he had also foreseen the advantages: he knew that the warm penetrating atmosphere of Italy would benefit his boy and react on his mind, and widen it; he knew that only in Italy could he have easy access to the great theatres, and that it was worth while placing new productions before its appreciative and enthusiastic public, whose acclamations at that time echoed across Europe. Accordingly, having settled his plans, he left his wife and daughter in charge of the house, and started with his son in the beginning of December. Before they had reached Innsbruck Wolfgang had already written his sister a joyful and happy letter.

It is, in fact, from Wirgel in the Austrian Tyrol that Mozart wrote the first of that long series of letters which comprise all the events of his career,* and from this date onwards even his father's letters are not sealed until they have been filled with marginal notes by the boyish hand. Henceforth it remains with us to follow our hero day by day, and to note the numerous impressions given him by the incidents of his journeys. But it will be well not to dally over details and to record only those that are of real importance.

Directly he found himself on Italian soil the young composer was given an idea of the welcome which awaited him from the impressionable and enthusiastic Italians. At Roveredo such a crowd had assembled to hear him play that he was well-nigh suffocated. At Verona, where he gave a recital on the organ, the throng was greater

* With the exception of a previous autograph including the little Latin note which we have quoted.

still. He was obliged to pass through the monastery buildings to get to the church, and inside the sacred building the monks had to form themselves into a guard of honour to conduct him to the organ-loft. The effect produced on the people by the astonishing little organist was not less remarkable than their eagerness to behold him. The Veronese found it difficult to remember they were in a church, and in consequence to moderate their enthusiasm. In order to preserve the remembrance of this memorable day, a rich amateur, Pietro Lugiati, caused a portrait to be painted of the young composer, at his own expense. From Verona our two travellers went on to Mantua, from there to Cremona and Milan. In this latter city they stayed with the Augustinian Fathers of St. Mark for two months. They became acquainted there with the aged Sammartini;* and also with the Maestro Piccini,† then occupied with the representation of his new opera, "Cesare in Egitto." He invited the father and son to the final rehearsal. They were much impressed by this work, and had not Wolfgang been absorbed just then by the composition of motets for two young sopranos, whose acquaintance he had recently made, there is no doubt he would have written a detailed account of the opera to his sister. For since his arrival in Italy he had sent her, in a mixed jargon of German, Italian and French, reports of all the compositions he had heard along his route: "Ruggerio," performed in Verona, "De-

* Giambattista Sammartini, born in Milan, in the beginning of the XVIII. century, one of the fathers of the symphony.

† Piccini, born in Naples 1766, died in Paris July 13, 1827.

metrio" in Mantua, and "La Clemenza di Tito" in Cremona. Probably he little thought then that he would terminate his famous career by setting this last-named libretto of Metastasio to his own music.* The sojourn in Milan was a particularly happy one for Wolfgang, for he there met with a zealous and powerful patron: Count Joseph von Firmian, Governor-General of Lombardy. Not only did this generous nobleman help him with money and bestow on him presents, most valuable for an artist, such as a fine copy of Metastasio's works; not only did he bring him forward in his own drawing-room and procure him invitations to the best houses in the town, but he obtained for him an unhoped-for honour: *la scrittura* for the winter season, that is to say, an engagement, this time in correct and valid form, to compose a grand opera for the Christmas festivities. This contract, which flattered the father's pride and raised the child's hopes, was calculated neither to hinder their future plans, nor to interfere with the itinerary of travel traced out. It only bound them to return to Milan in the beginning of November, the impresario promising, on his side, to despatch them a libretto directly he had fixed on one of his choice. Besides lodgement free of

* Mozart does not name the composers of these three operas. The first quoted work is probably by Guglielmi, who composed a "Ruggiero" in 1769; the second might well be by Piccini, who had written a "Demetrio" in 1762; and to all appearance, the "Clemenza di Tito" belongs to the Maestro Aufossi, who composed it in Rome in 1769.

Leopold Mozart with his Children: Wolfgang Amadeus, 7, and Marianne, 11 years of age. After De Carmontelle. Painted in Paris, 1763. Now in the possession of Lord Revelstoke.

charge, the composer was to receive one hundred *gigliati* or Florence sequins.*

Thus, with this joyful perspective before him, Wolfgang started for Milan. Lodi was his first halt, and he there made his initial attempt at chamber music. He wrote his first quartet March 15, at six o'clock in the evening, *alle* 6 *di sera;* and this he carefully made a note of. At Parma the travellers made the acquaintance of a famous cantatrice, Lucrezia Agujari, known by the singular sobriquet of la Bastardella. "She is not pretty," said Leopold Mozart, "but neither is she unpleasing to look at. From time to time there is a wild gleam in her eyes, like what one sees in the glance of those who are subject to convulsions. She has a slight limp."†

While the father drew a pen picture of the artist, the wonderstruck child listened to her and recorded his impressions in music. La Bastardella possessed a magnificent voice, "of great flexibility and of extraordinary compass." It was indeed extraordinary! for it extended over no less than three octaves: from the middle C under the treble clef to the high C with five ledger lines, which is almost the upper limit of the violin.

At Bologna, the two Mozarts were received with great

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* From 9 to 12 francs *(Trans.)*

† This description corresponds with that of Burney who met la Bastardella about the same epoch. "She would have been as capable of exciting universal pleasure as admiration, said the learned doctor of music, if she had been a little less violent in the delivery of her passages, and her looks had been more tempered by female softness and timidity." Burney, "General History of Music," Vol. IV., p. 504.

cordiality by Field-Marshal, the Marquis Pallavicini, whose noble and generous character reminded them of Count Firmian, their former Milanese patron. They also became acquainted there with the celebrated Martini and the famous Farinelli, whose life story was a real romance.*

This king of song and powerful favourite of Philip V. and Ferdinand VI. of Spain, was living then in retirement in the palace he had built himself in Bologna. He was freely hospitable to distinguished foreigners and could still delight them with his splendid voice and incomparable talent.

In Florence, Wolfgang met one of his London friends, the male soprano, Manzuoli. He learnt with delight that this excellent artist was negotiating an engagement with the Milanese impresario, and would probably be called upon to create a part in his forthcoming opera. He also made two new acquaintances in this same town: the Marquis de Ligneville, a nobleman of Lorraine, one of the most able contrapuntists of his time, and Thomas Linley, a young English violinist, pupil of Nardini, whose fame he was already in a fair way to eclipse. The two young men were of the same age: Tommasino, as Linley was called, like Mozart, had just entered on his fifteenth year. They soon evinced a brotherly affection

* Giambatista Martini, better known under the name of *père* Martini, a learned contrapuntist and musician, born in Bologna, April 25, 1706, and died there August 4, 1784.—Carlo Breschi, who became famous under the name of Farinelli, was born January 24, 1705, at Andria. He died at Bologna, July 15, 1782.

for one another, and struck up a friendship such as is formed only in the springtime of life; the remembrance of which remains always sweet and consoling, amid the frosty wintertide of old age. But Leopold Mozart was anxious to be in Rome for the ceremonies of Holy Week. So he was forced to precipitate their departure from the beautiful city of Florence, where, according to his own words, he would fain have "lived and died."

The travellers arrived in Rome on the Wednesday in Holy Week. That same evening they went to hear the "Miserere" of Gregorio Allegri, at St. Peters.* Written for two choruses, one of four, the other of five voices, and composed more than two hundred and fifty years ago by a priest musician, a descendant of the famous Corregio, Allegri's "Miserere" was for a considerable time the exclusive possession of the Sixtine Chapel, where it is still sung to this day. It has been said that the popes, in order to keep it as their inalienable property, had forbidden the score of it to be written, or single parts to be copied, under pain of excommunication. The striking effect produced by this famous motet on those who have heard it in Rome, is not entirely owing to its musical worth: it is partly due to the way it is performed and to the conditions under which it is heard.

"At the moment when it commences," said Stendhal, the Pope and the Cardinals prostrate themselves; the candles shed a light over the Last Judgment, painted

* Gregorio Allegri was born in Rome in 1590, and died there in 1652.

by Michael Angelo on the wall just behind the altar. As verse by verse the "Miserere" is sung, the candles are gradually extinguished, one by one; the many pitiful figures depicted with such forcible energy by Michael Angelo appear, in the dim light given them by the few remaining candles, more insistent and imposing. As the "Miserere" draws to its close the conductor's beat becomes by degrees slower, the voices of the singers diminish in sound, the harmonies die away, and the sinner overwhelmed by the majesty of God and prostrate before His throne, seems to await in silence for the voice that will summon him to the judgment-seat."

At the epoch of which we are writing, Allegri's "Miserere" had an unparalleled renown. Its celebrity, and the insurmountable difficulties which surrounded the possession of it, increased the desire which obsessed young Mozart of appropriating it. In order to gain his wish he accomplished a most wonderful feat. By dint of intense concentration of all his faculties he succeeded after one hearing in memorising it, and wrote it out on returning to his lodgings at one sitting. The effort was prodigious. The next day a second hearing of the psalm enabled him to follow with his score hidden inside his hat, and thus to correct a few errors and to fill in what was wanting. And thus he became the owner of the one and only copy of the mysterious "Miserere."* This

* This achievement of Mozart broke the enchantment, for shortly after the *Miserere* became public property. The following year it was printed in London and since then it has been often reprinted. It is to be found in Choron's miscellanies entitled: "Collection of sacred music performed every year at Rome during Holy Week."

exploit was much talked of in Rome, and the young foreigner became the object of public curiosity. At Salzburg the sensation was no less great. But when Frau Mozart heard of the masterly achievement she trembled for the salvation of her son; for she bethought herself that the fulminations of the Church would be directed against him. So Leopold Mozart took upon himself to calm his wife's scruples. The Pope, he said, was well informed of the affair, and instead of taking exception to it, he had expressed his sincere admiration of the boy's act.

However, the near advent of the hot weather hastened the departure of our travellers from the Eternal City, and caused them to start for Naples, where the vicinity of the sea gave promise of good air and refreshing breezes. They received a kindly welcome from Queen Caroline, one of the daughters of Maria-Theresa, and from the influential minister, the Marquis de Tannuci; the latter placed the services of his major-domo at their disposal to show them the different places of interest in the town.

This residence of several months in Rome and Naples gave rest and tranquillity to the imaginative mind of the young composer. These two cities, he writes to his sister, are, both of them, Paradise for the idle; one sleeps all day. But Mozart did not record his evenings at the *Teatro-Nuova*, where the comic operas made him feel good-humoured; and at the *San Carlo* theatre, where Jomelli's "Armida abandonata" had just been performed. This *chef-d'œuvre* was but coldly received by the Neapolitans, who had found time, during the twenty years which

Jomelli had spent at the Stuttgart Court, to forget their illustrious compatriot. Still, if in this land of Cokayne, the composer was idle, the virtuoso was not without occupation. He was heard several times at private assemblies and he gave a public recital at the *Conservatorio della Pietà.* The receipts were somewhat considerable and most acceptable at a time when the family purse was becoming visibly empty. A comic incident happened at this concert, and one which showed the superstitious mind of the Neapolitans in the country of the *jettatura.* While the audience was lost in amazement at the powers of the young harpsichord player and especially astonished by the flexibility of his left hand, a spectator more knowing than the rest, asserted that the boy's skill could be explained by a magic ring which Wolfgang was wearing on the fourth finger of his bewitched left hand. This extraordinary discovery was passed from mouth to mouth, and soon the whole audience was in possession of it. The uproar was indescribable. The indignant auditors imagined that they were being hoodwinked. The boy was forced to take off his ring and begin his piece again without the aid of the talisman, and thus prove clearly to these obstinate citizens that he was unassisted by other magic than that of talent and genius.

Mozart left Naples on the 25th June and returned to Rome in a postchaise. Rapid speed was kept up, and the journey was accomplished in twenty-seven hours. The Salzburg Kapellmeister sagely remarked, that "two horses and one postilion count as three beasts." The Italian postboy took upon himself to verify this German

proverb by upsetting his travellers at the gates of Rome. In his anxiety to save his son from being hurt, Leopold received a bad injury to one of his legs. Wolfgang, happily, escaped without a scratch. But the boy was overpowered with fatigue, and when seated at table he dropped into a profound sleep. It was impossible to awake him, so he was undressed like a child and carried to bed.

There is some meaning in the saying that fortune comes to us when we are sleeping: a great honour awaited our hero in the eternal city; on July 8 the Pope gave him a private audience and presented him with the cross of the Golden Spear, *auratæ militiæ*. Gluck had received the same order and was very proud of the distinction. Wolfgang was then fourteen years old. This decoration conferred a patent of nobility, the members of the order being *comites palatini romani*, and participating at the papal court in all the privileges bestowed by royal houses on their chamberlains. It seemed, however, that the new chevalier was not greatly dazzled by his title, for he only wore his cross on rare occasions and always by his father's wish. Very few of his compositions are signed by the *cavaliere Mozart*. He was so modest, and also, without doubt, so perfectly conscious of his own power that he cared little for any fame other than what devolved to him through his works of genius.*

* While in Rome Mozart's portrait was again painted by a celebrated artist, Pompeo Battoni. This fine picture is now in England. It passed into the hands of Mr. J. Ella who exhibited it in the South Kensington Museum and also had it engraved. It has been recently sold.

From Rome Mozart went to Bologna, passing through Civita-Castellana, Loretto and Sinigaglia. He strengthened the bonds of friendship between himself and the *père* Martini, with whom he had become acquainted during his first stay in this artistic and literary town. The President de Brosses had named it "the great musical seminary of Italy."* The learned author of the *Storia della musica* recommended his young client to present himself at the Philharmonic Academy, the erudite corporation of which had hitherto received none but consummate musicians. Mozart passed with triumph through the traditionary preliminary ordeal. It was in Bologna, in the house of Count Pallavicini, that he recovered from a kind of mental torpor from which he had suffered for some time. He began to compose again with renewed energy, and wrote one after the other four symphonies, and several other pieces of less importance. Meanwhile he received the libretto of the opera which he was to write for Milan, so he laid aside all his other compositions and gave himself up entirely to the work at hand. He was determined to concentrate all his powers on this opera and to fulfil the expectations of those who hoped so much from his talents.

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* "Lettres historiques et critiques sur l'Italie."

CHAPTER VII.

"L'OPERA SERIA" AND THE VIRTUOSOS OF THE XVIII. CENTURY; SINGERS AND THEIR CAPRICES.—"MITRIDATE, RE DI PONTO."—"LA BETULIA LIBERATA."—FIRST DREAM OF LOVE.—"ASCANIO IN ALBA."—THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF SALZBURG.—"I SOGNO DI SCIPIONE."—"LUCIO SILLA."—GOOD-BYE TO ITALY.

BEFORE he could obtain any real grip of his subject, the young composer deemed it necessary to undertake the irksome labour of writing the interminable recitatives contained in his three acts. Though he gave himself little respite from work, they were not completed until after his arrival in Milan. Having accomplished this task he was forced to wait awhile and restrain any desire to compose airs for his opera. For these it was indispensable that he should await the arrival of his interpreters. These high and mighty personages expected that their voices should be

taken into account and that they should be consulted on all points. As we have previously mentioned, operatic music, in Italy, towards the middle of the 18th century, deviated widely from the early principles of its originators.* At first the singers while improving their talent had contributed greatly towards perfecting the standard of lyric drama, but their demands had become exorbitant. The introduction of artificial sopranos had very especially altered the original conditions. Henceforth opera was no longer dramatic action but merely a concert; a series of airs held together by the thread of the story or plot, like the strung pearls of a necklace. The customary realism which constituted the truthful presentment of the drama was subordinated to the whims and fancies of the singers.

By right of priority the *prima donna* claimed the place of honour and maintained her right to keep it. She also made a point of always coming on to the stage escorted by a small page, who held up the train of her dress, and followed her movements, behaving all the while like a squirrel in a cage. The king of our modern operas, the *tenor*, was inevitably fated to play the part of the noble father, or that of the traitor, or the villain. The *basso* was relegated to comic opera; his voice was not considered that of a gentleman; it was not a *voce di galantuomo.* But the male soprano was the real sovereign of the opera;

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* These principles have been briefly, but clearly stated, with documentary evidence, by my learned friend, F. A. Gavaert, in the introductory chapter of the 1st volume of his "Gloires de l'Italie."

by a humorous turn of language he had been surnamed *primo uomo;* he was the titular lover, the suitor *ex officio.* His person was sacred, the smallest exasperation would have been considered an outrage, and if he condescended to endure for a moment either a parent's refusal, or a rival's anger, it followed that he must at least remain master of the situation, and make his exit with a laurel and myrtle wreath encircling his brow. "It was the rule in Italy," wrote the President de Brosses, "never to allow the stage to be sullied by the murder of one of the principals, and the most atrocious events in the drama would not lead to such a deed. You may kill the subordinate actors as often as you like, but the life of the virtuoso is inviolable."* These sopranos were as capricious as children. This one would have a plume, five feet in length; another insisted on making his entrance on horseback; a third preferred to be seen descending a mountain, again, a fifth, the famous Marchesi, claimed to sing his last solo in a sombre prison, his feet in irons, and his arms weighted with chains.† Having sung their cavatina they returned to the consideration of their own importance; they left the stage and retired to a corner of the theatre to suck an orange, or to sip a glass of wine, leaving their interlocutors to shift for themselves. Also they had formulated their own conditions beforehand: at

* These ridiculous customs disappeared with the last male sopranos in the beginning of the XIX. century—Castil-Blaze quotes one anterior instance which he lays to the charge of Crescentino—See "L'Opera Italien," p. 315.

† Grétry, "Memoires," Vol. I., p. 114.

one point they desired a bravura piece, at another, an air *di portamento* with trumpet obbligato; or, contrariwise, they preferred a tender cantilena, with a theme on which they could make their own variations. The lion's share, however, did not suffice them, and they needs must exercise a jealous supervision over the parts of their subordinates. They carefully appraised the intrinsic value of these, suppressing any solos considered by them too showy, or appropriating any that might redound to their own credit. Finally, when the virtuoso and the composer were agreed on all these details, the opera could be considered completed, for, of course, there was never any question of concerted music. As regards this last the rule was well nigh invariably the same: the second act terminated with a *duetto* between the male soprano and the first female singer, the second ended with a *terzetto*, in which a slight part was accorded to the *primo tenore*. And that was all. For the expulsion of the bass caused the voices to sound uniform and monotonous, and ruined beforehand any idea of well-balanced harmonic structure.

One can well imagine the fate of an opera surrounded by such absurdities, and one can understand what little interest the public took in these productions. "The taste of the Italians for theatres and music is shown more by their attendance than by any attention given by them. Apart from first nights, when there is a slight modicum of silence, it is not considered good form even in the pit to listen except at certain interesting moments. The principal boxes are lighted by chandeliers and are taste-

fully furnished. Sometimes the occupants play cards, but more often they sit in a circle and talk."

Grétry gives us much the same information: I did not witness the success of any serious opera during the nine or ten years I lived in Rome. If, sometimes, a large audience assembled, it was for the purpose of hearing some special singer; but when he was no longer on the scene people retired to the back of the boxes and either played cards or ate ices, while the occupants of the pit sat and yawned.* It follows that all the operas of this period were rotten to the core. There is not a single one in which you would not find fragmentary bits of great excellence; but, at the same time, not one of these could be represented now-a-days, which taken in its entirety would not give offence to public musical taste.†

Such was "Mitridate re di Ponto," grand opera in 3 acts, borrowed from Racine by the Abbé Parini, retold by the poet Cigna Santi, and set to music by the future composer of "Don Giovanni." A fourteen-year-old musician could not reasonably be expected to deviate from the path of his predecessors, for even, though his precocious genius might already be contemplating reformatory ideas, where was he to obtain sufficient authority to gain attention to them? Such audacity needed the iron hand and the resolute will of Gluck. But this great composer had chosen the virgin soil of French opera for the dissemination of his thoughts: Italy would have offered

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* Grétry, "Memoires," Vol. I., p. 114.

† We are speaking, be it understood, only of *opera seria:* comic opera *(opera buffa),* as we shall see later, is quite another matter.

resistance to their diffusion. The original score of "Mitridate" is lost, but two authentic copies are in existence: one is in the library of the Paris Conservatoire of Music, the other is in the British Museum. It is composed of a collection of twenty-one numbers; there is also an overture, a duet, placed, as a matter of course, at the end of the second act, and a quintet which concludes the work.* Many of these numbers were re-written several times to satisfy the exigencies of singers, or *die virtuosen canaille*, as Leopold Mozart named them. In some instances they were remodelled four times. The first performance of "Mitridate" took place December 28, 1770. The public was sympathetic, but also slightly diffident: it was mindful of the extreme youth of the composer and also of his nationality; for in spite of the great success of Hasse, *il Sassone*, German music was still discredited by the Italians.† However, as early as the first numbers the success of the opera was assured. The audience was surprised and delighted. The work was received with real enthusiasm. Volleys of applause resounded on all sides, and the enraptured auditors seeing the young composer seated at the first harpsichord cried out loudly to him: "Evviva il

* The Parisian copy does not contain this quintet and it is not mentioned in Koechel's great catalogue.

† The following ingenious remark of a citizen of Bologna testifies to this feeling. Hearing Dittersdorf one day play the violin he said: "How has it been made possible for this German turtle to arrive at such a degree of perfection." "*Come è mai possibile, che una tartaruga tedesca possa arrivare at le perfezione.*"—Dittersdorf, "Selbst-biographie," page 111.

maestro! evviva il maestrino!" The second performance was equally successful: "only," said Leopold Mozart, "the public did not venture to encore many of the numbers for fear of prolonging the representation."* The opera being well started gave promise of a lengthy career. Twenty representations were given, and the happy impresario hastened to conclude a new contract with the youthful *cavaliero filarmonico.*

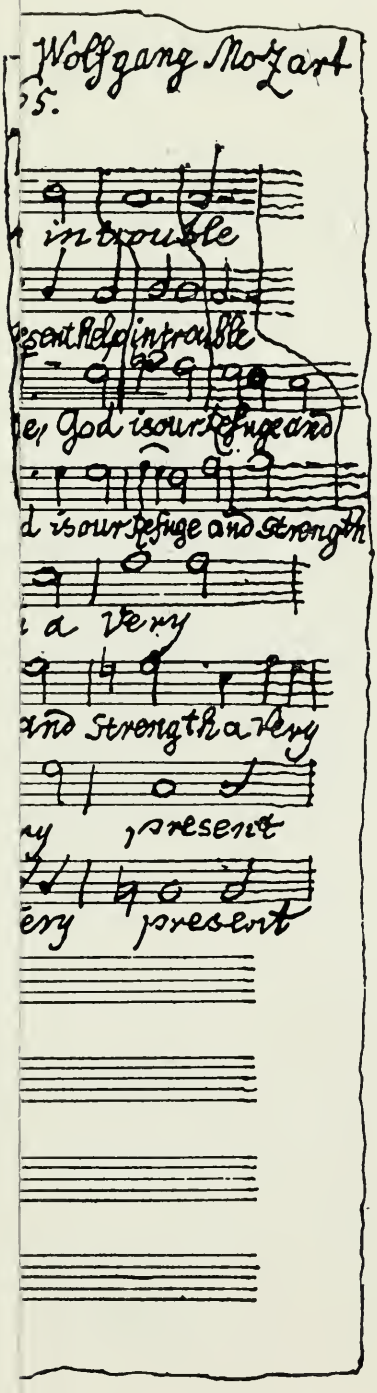
The two Mozarts stayed awhile in Turin and Venice and then set their faces homewards. While on his way through Padua, Wolfgang wrote an oratorio. This, according to the conjectures of Otto Jahn was the "Betulia Liberata." Its music seems in accord with this period of Mozart's life. The subject matter was taken from Metastasio; the work contains besides the overture, thirteen solos and two choruses; the music is in the style and form of *opera seria* from which it differs only in the mode of its libretto. It was probably performed at Padua in the Lent following its completion; but there is no exact information as to the date. Before returning to Germany Mozart stopped again at Vicenza, and at Verona, where no doubt he paid his respects to the professors of the Academia filarmonica, who had recently elected him one of their members. On March 28, 1771, he arrived in Salzburg. A pleasant surprise was awaiting him. A letter

* It would be difficult to guess the reason of this discretion. The meaning was this: it was a Thursday evening; the following Friday being a day of fasting and abstinence, the public was desirous of getting home early, so as to sup before midnight, and thus observe the laws of the Church, which subjected their appetite to such rude restrictions.

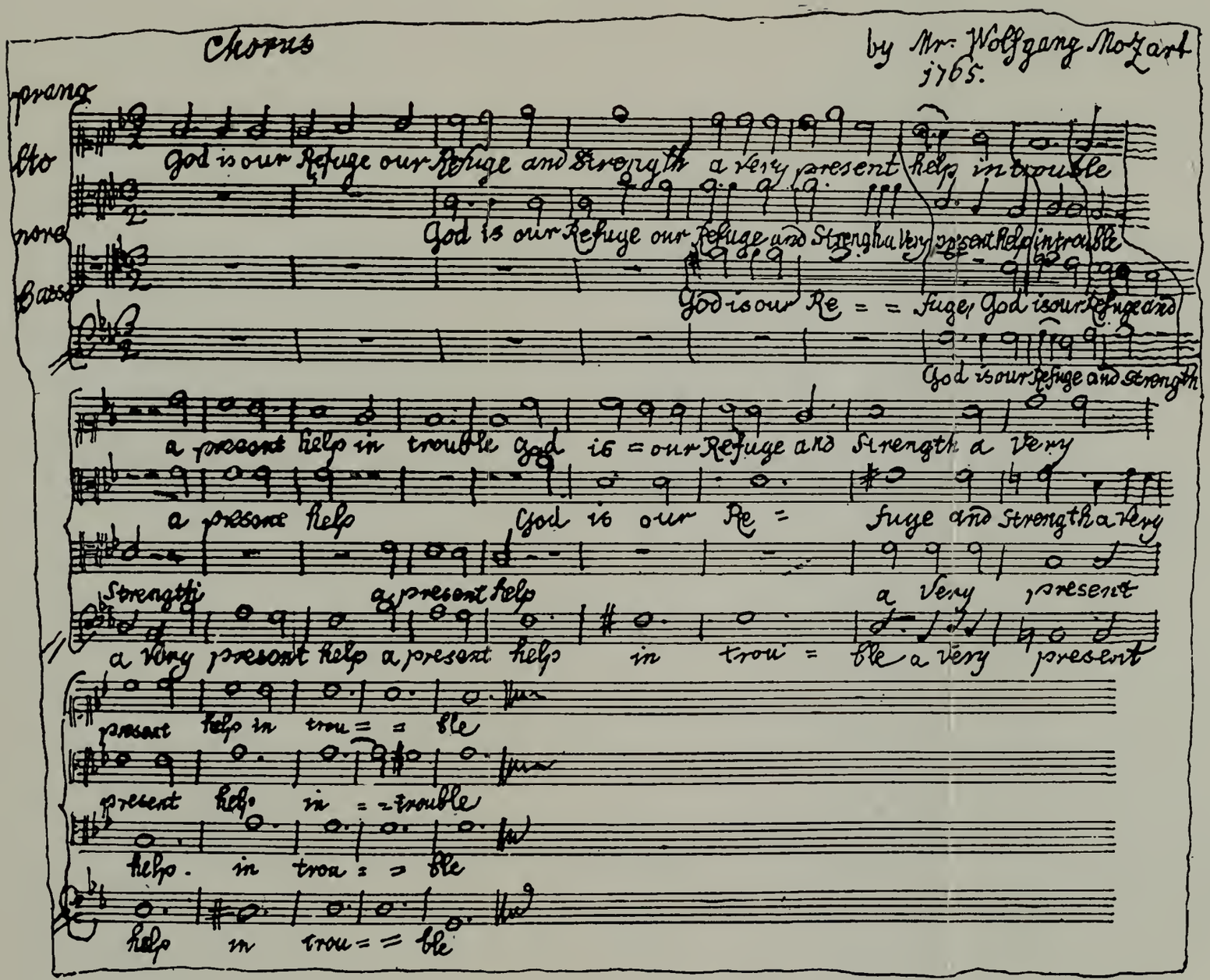
had just arrived at his home from Count Firmian, giving him an order in the name of Maria-Theresa, for a pastoral play in two acts to be performed at the festivities in honour of the wedding of the Archduke Ferdinand with Beatrix d'Este, daughter of the reigning prince of Modena. The marriage was fixed to take place in October. Leopold Mozart was overjoyed by this command; for it gave him the chance of returning to Milan, and he was more than ever convinced that Italy ought to be his son's adopted country.

Meanwhile the sunny south had worked its influence on Wolfgang. His voice hitherto soft and gentle had become stronger and more powerful; his figure had developed; his features had become accentuated and their expression energetic and virile: in short, he had passed from boyhood to manhood. He was in his sixteenth year, and his heart was as susceptible as his genius was precocious. There is little known of the object of his first fancy. One fact has reached us,—and it might easily have been guessed,—her age was ten years in advance of his. She was already engaged, and her marriage, which took place at the time when Wolfgang returned to Italy dispelled at once his first tender dream of love. However he soon recovered from this disappointment.

In Milan, the young man set to work with feverish energy on his new composition. But the house where he had taken lodgings was not calculated to give him the needful quiet and tranquillity. "A violinist lives overhead." he wrote to his sister, "and another below. In



It was his first attempt


Chorus
by Mr. Wolfgang Motzart
1765.
God is our Refuge our Refuge and Strength a very present help in trouble
God is our Refuge our Refuge and Strength a very present help in trouble
God is our Re = = fuge, God is our Refuge and
God is our Refuge and Strength
a present help in trouble God is = our Refuge and Strength a very
a present help God is our Re = fuge and Strength a very
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help in trou = = ble

Facsimile from a Manuscript which Mozart presented to the British Museum in 1765. It was his first attempt at choral writing set to English words.

the next room to mine a singing-master is installed and he gives lessons all day; the opposite room is occupied by an oboist.* All this is conducive is it not to finding ideas for composition?" The subject matter with which he had to treat was "Ascanio in Alba" by the Abbé Parini. It was a kind of allegorical pastoral play in two acts with interludes for elaborate dances. The original score of this opera has been preserved; that of the ballets, which no doubt had been bound separately, is lost. Both were decided successes and were received with loud applause. Wolfgang was the recipient of hearty congratulations from the engaged royal couple, together with a superb watch ornamented with a miniature of the empress set in diamonds. The first performance of this new work took place on October 17. "Ruggiero" written by the *Sassone* for the same occasion, and played alternately with the pastorale, was severely cast into the shade by the latter. But, notwithstanding that the triumph of a boy was somewhat humiliating to the gray-haired Hasse, he did not show himself to be unjust. He recognised the brilliancy of the rising planet, bowed his head, and murmured dejectedly these prophetic words: *Questo regazzo ci fara dimenticar tutti;* "this urchin will cause us all to be forgotten!"

On his return to Salzburg after this fresh exploit Mozart found the town in mourning. The death had just been announced of the archbishop Sigismund, Graf von

* By a singular slip of the pen this oboist, in the Abbé Groschler's translation has become a *colonel.*

Schrattenbach. In spite of the pettinesses of his character and his parsimonious mind which bordered on the vice of avarice, he was, taken all in all, a kindly prelate. The acts of his successor were to cause his name to be much regretted.

The new archbishop, Jérome-Josef-Franz von Paula, bishop of Gurk, was hard-hearted and somewhat of a tyrant. His evil reputation had preceded him and no welcoming words awaited him. An historian of the little principality relates that a small boy who was singing in the street received a box on the ear from an indignant passer-by, who continued his way calling over his shoulder: "How dare you sing, you scamp, when everyone is in mourning!" Still, festivities for the installation of the new dignitary had to be prepared and Wolfgang who had just recovered from a serious illness was commissioned to compose an *azione teatrale* in one act. It was entitled "Il Sogno di Scipione" and the text was by Metastasio. On this occasion, the young composer's inspiration was in sympathy with public feeling: "Il Sogno di Scipione" is unworthy of Mozart. It is difficult to believe that it emanates from him, for at this same period he wrote the superb litany of "Venerabili," which takes a high rank amongst his church music.* On the 4th November he returned to Milan to compose and produce "Lucio Silla," grand opera in 3 acts, with libretto by Giovanni da Camera. He had been asked to write this work on the day following the success of "Mitri-

* This work is numbered 125 in Koechel's catalogue.

date." This time he finished the recitatives in advance and carried them in his travelling bag. But while he composed, the librettist had taken his poem to Metastasio and had recast the lines of it. Mozart's work was therefore almost useless and he had to suffer for the sins of his collaborator. But there were other mishaps to follow. At the last moment the tenor who had been engaged to sing fell seriously ill. Messenger after messenger was dispatched to find an artist capable of taking his place; but the researches proved fruitless. The management had to content themselves with a cathedral singer, whose ridiculous gestures and general incompetence very nearly compromised the success of the opera. Finally, on December 26, the date fixed upon for the first representation, everything was ready. The performance was to begin at six o'clock and long before that hour the hall was filled with an impatient crowd. But it was as if an evil eye had fallen on the unfortunate piece. The curtain was not raised until eight o'clock and then only after repeated outcries. The delay had been caused by the absence of the Archduke Ferdinand who had forgotten his engagement at the entertainment, and who was calmly reading his correspondence and finishing his dinner. In spite of these several hindrances "Lucio Silla" was a complete success and was performed as many times as "Mitridate."*

This was Mozart's last triumph in Italy. He left the

* The original score of "Lucio Silla," which is in possession of Mr. André, editor, of New York, comprises besides the overture, 3 choruses, 18 arias, 1 duet and 1 trio; altogether 23 numbers.

country on March 15, 1773, and though he never returned thither, happy memories of the sunny land were kept by him until the end of his life. His compositions also preserved the impression of the melodic form which the Italian composers had suggested to him.

It may occur to some people to wonder that after three such marked successes the Italian directors made no further demands on the talent of the young musician. But it is well to tarry before accusing them of indifference. As far as they were concerned proposals were not wanting; Mozart signed a regulation contract with the director of San Benedetto, in Venice, according to which he engaged himself to compose a 2nd opera for the carnaval season of 1773. If this compact and others of the same kind were never ratified, the responsibility of their rejection remained with the new Archbishop of Salzburg, who withheld his approbation and refused Mozart the necessary permission to carry out his promises.

We have now arrived at the termination of the first period of Mozart's musical career. Notwithstanding their wonderful precocity, his compositions have hitherto been slightly vague in form; they have shown signs of the delicacy and indecision of childhood. Henceforward they will bear the impress of maturity: the prodigy will be merged in the great maestro. But we will linger for a moment on the threshold of the past and give a backward glance to the years that have passed. Up to January 27, 1774, that is until the precise date when Mozart completed his eighteenth year he had written the following works:

13 short pieces for harpsichord, minuets, variations and fugues.

23 sonatas for harpsichord and violin.

5 concertos for harpsichord and a grand concerto for two violins.

5 sonatas for organ.

16 quartets and 2 quintets.

20 pieces of sacred music, motets, psalms, litanies, offertories, etc.

23 songs, *lieder* and concert arias.

81 short symphonic pieces.

10 longer pieces, divertimenti, serenades and others of the length and development of grand orchestral works.

34 symphonies.

9 masses.

3 oratorios and 7 operatic works numbering in their entirety 14 acts.

Is this not an unparalleled productiveness and one which at the end of his career, many a composer would be proud to call his own?

CHAPTER VIII.

COMIC OPERA IN ITALY; ITS BIRTH AND DEVELOPMENT.—"LA FINTA GIARDINIERA."—"IL RE PASTORE."—WOLFGANG QUITS THE SERVICE OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

LEOPOLD MOZART had foreseen from the outset the many difficulties which would surround his relations with the new archbishop. Even before leaving Italy he had anticipated them, and in consequence he had tried to obtain an appointment for his son in the Archduke of Tuscany's chapel. During an absence of the archbishop the two Mozarts went to Vienna with a similar object in view, and as no details are known of this little journey we may conclude that it was kept a secret, so as not to arouse the suspicions of the unfriendly prelate. It is, however, certain that this attempt was not more successful than the first. Meanwhile Wolfgang received an order from the Elector of Bavaria to compose a comic opera for the Court Theatre. In this instance the arch-

bishop did not dare offend his powerful neighbour by refusing the desired permission. So he churlishly gave authorisation and in December, 1774 Mozart started for Munich to superintend the mounting of his "Finta giardiniera." He had left Salzburg as usual under the care of his father, while his mother and sister remained behind to take care of the household; but as Marianne, now a grown up and pretty girl, showed so great a desire to hear her brother's opera, Leopold Mozart allowed her to join them a few days before the first performance, which had been definitely fixed to take place January 13, 1775. She arrived smartly dressed in all her best finery, and had the happiness of assisting at a real triumph. This time Mozart had written a score worthy of his name, and one which would serve as an excellent prelude to his future masterpieces. Possessed of a greater mastery over himself, penetrated by a wider sense of freedom, he had given full rein to the ardour of his genius.

If, in reality, the singer's caprice was law in *opera seria*, on the other hand, in *opera buffa*, the fancy of the poet and the composer's inspiration were uppermost. The rights of the virtuosos ended on the frontiers of burlesque, and so much so that in spite of the apparent inferiority of its style the true art of the period was upheld more by farce than by grand opera. And there were some excellent reasons for this. That overbearing despot, the *primo uomo*, whose will governed the grand opera, received a salary quite out of proportion to that given to comic actors. So, to fill his place, it was necessary to

engage the *tenore* who thus regained his usual employment of the tender and passionate lover.

The fees of the *prima donna* were not either in accord with the modest resources of comic opera, so the management engaged younger artists, whose voices were certainly less smooth and flexible, but whose talent and character were more supple and ductile.

Finally, the *basso*, whose voice was considered grotesque, secured easily the first place, and restored, in the concerted pieces, the keynote of the arch which was missing in the harmonic edifice of grand opera.

Similarly with French comic opera, Italian *opera buffa* had sprung up with its stock of *intermezzi*. These were originally little laughable scenes between two characters played as the name indicates between the acts of a grand opera. After the first act of the principal piece the drop-scene was lowered; immediately the comic characters appeared in front and claimed the attention of the spectators who had hitherto preferred to promenade the corridors or to retire to the back of the boxes. This was the first interlude. Meanwhile the actors of the grand opera had had time to change their costumes, the scene shifters had, if necessary, done their work, and the opera could resume its course. The second act was succeeded in turn by the second part of the farce, or as it should be expressed, by the second interlude, which again was followed without interruption by the third act of the grand opera, after which the curtain fell for the last time, and the evening's entertainment was terminated.

The first period of comic opera, when the child, so to

speak, was still in the company of the mother, sheltered by her protection and sharing her life, was exceptionally rich in little masterpieces which we have heedlessly allowed to rest in oblivion, hidden under the dust of libraries. The best known of these and one which is assuredly the most perfect model of style, is the "Serva Padrona" of that immortal artist, whom the President de Brosses always called, "his sweet and charming Pergolese."*

But the time came when the disadvantages of interpolating two distinct actions and two incongruous pieces were recognised, and it was resolved to keep them apart. "The Italians," said J. J. Rousseau, "have at last banished the comic interludes which used to take place during the intervals of their operas. It was a pleasant form of spectacle, piquant and natural, but entirely out of place in the midst of tragedy. Consequently the two pieces became prejudicial to each other's success, for if one of them interested it was at the expense of the other.† After

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* At this period very little music was printed in Italy, so that the greater number of these works, many of which are real monuments of art, exist only in manuscript, and often there is but a single copy of each. An unforeseen accident might cause their disappearance. It would be an act worthy of the management of the Fine-Arts to institute for music a museum for copied manuscripts, similar to the one which has recently been erected for pictures. It would be the means of founding an unrivalled musical library in Paris. It would not entail much expense for it would be sufficient to send two experienced men who would ransack public depositories, and under whose supervision copies might be made of works worthy of being restored to public recognition.

† "Dictionary of Music" by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Verbo:* Opera.

its emancipation the interlude developed rapidly. Its characters were multiplied, its form extended, and the numbers of its acts doubled. It was soon installed in its own home, the *teatrino* or little theatre, and it courageously took the name of *opera buffa* as if in scorn of its grand and fastidious brother.

Thus while serious opera remained hidebound within its world of conventionalities or ideals, comic opera penetrated freely into realities, that is to say, into life and action. Leaving ancient history, legends and mythology to its elder, it reserved for itself the domain of homely tales and popular romance. This little revolution held within itself many surprises.

The pretensions of the interpreters being no longer the same, the composer found himself more at liberty to attend to the details of his work. The ever-recurring *da capo* air, composed of two parts, the first of which invariably ended the solo, was no longer considered the only form in which a melody could be cast. There came into use the rondeau, where the principal motive recurs after each secondary theme; the cavatina composed of one movement; the song wedded to verse; in a word all the forms necessary for the subject-matter and its different situations. For concerted pieces, the musician at last left the Procustean bed of habit and felt himself emboldened to search for new forms: duets, trios and quartets, resumed the importance assigned to them by the situation; also finales, hitherto unknown, gradually displayed their opulent musical construction. Finally, the orchestra, hitherto kept in abeyance by the virtuosos, was heard once

more, even at the risk of eclipsing the singer in certain numbers where the delivery was rapid and the words almost spoken. This second epoch of musical comedy, more prolific than the first, found its highest expression in "Cecchina of Piccini," better known under the name of "La Buona Figliuola." In consequence of the popular success of this work, its author gave it a sequel which he named "La Buona Figliuola Maritata": which success was identical with that of Beaumarchais' "Barbier de Seville" and its sequel "Le Marriage de Figaro."

At the period of which we are writing this new style was definitely formed. In Arteaga's time it found itself in full possession of public favour. "*Opera buffa*," said this writer, "is in a better condition here than serious opera. There are many persons who prefer musical comedy to tragedy, and taking into consideration on one side the corrupt practices which now-a-days disfigure *opera seria*, and on the other the greater truth and variety of expression with which *opera buffa* is endowed, one cannot be surprised at their preference, nor can one accuse them of bad taste.* Thus the principles of the new art being well formulated it was henceforward only a question of following up the consequences, and giving to the new form all the perfection which it was capable of receiving. And this was the exact state of affairs when Mozart was called upon to compose the music of "La Finta Giardiniera."

It is not our intention to give detailed analyses of

* Arteaga, "Le Rivoluzioni del teatro musicale italiano."

the scores of the master; such investigations would transgress the prescribed limits of this study. In this narrative of the man and the artist we will follow the life-story of our hero and his work, but we will not descend to particulars. As to "La Finta Giardiniera," we need only say here that it far out-distanced "Mitridate" and "Lucio Silla." The chief characters are well thought out and the dramatic situations are forcibly portrayed. The different episodes of the first and second act are artistically developed in the two finales, which are both masterly works. Melody is no longer kept within bonds of formal restraint: it has found wings and become at the same time original and spontaneous; and better still, it is coloured, when necessary, by the warm glow of passion and feeling. The dictates of the heart are in the work.*

After the marked success of "La Finta Giardiniera," Leopold Mozart fully expected that his son would receive a fixed appointment in Munich; the idea seemed such a matter of course that the news spread through Salzburg that the Elector, who had shown himself so appreciative of Wolfgang's merits had given him a fixed post. The Prince, who was one of the best violoncellists of his time, was well capable of estimating the boy's genius, and it is difficult to understand how it was that he did

* The original scores of the 2nd and 3rd act are preserved. The 1st act has been lost, but a copy of it is kept in the Vienna library. Besides the Overture the entire work comprises 27 numbers. By modifying the text and making a few cuts in the music the "Finta Giardiniera" might be made into a delightful opera.

not think of adding this valuable recruit to the many musicians engaged in the services of his chapel.

In the meantime the Archbishop of Salzburg was making preparations for a grand reception of the Archduke Maximilian. This young brother of Marie-Antoinette was returning from Paris and had informed the prelate of his approaching visit. The latter was opportunely reminded of the existence of the conductor of his concerts to whom he paid monthly 12 florins and 30 kreutzers.

He bethought himself that it was unwise to squander such sums without profit, and so he ordered Wolfgang to write in honour of his guest the music of "Il Re Pastore," *opera seria* in two acts, text by Metastasio.* This new work, where once again the composer found himself trammelled by conventions which paralyse the genius of the most gifted, is distinctly inferior to "La Finta Giardiniera"; yet it contains some fine numbers and betrays the efforts of the young composer to throw off the yoke which later he shook so effectively from off his shoulders.

After the completion of this voluminous score, did our indefatigable worker still think that he had not sufficiently fulfilled his obligations and earned his salary? However that may have been, he composed that year and the next for the episcopal chapel, five masses, a series of

* The original work by Metastasio is in three acts; it was reduced to two before it was given to Mozart. The subject is similar to the "Jardinier de Sidon" of Phillider. Mozart's score comprises: an overture, 12 arias, a duet and a quintet.

organ sonatas, a grand litany, an offertory and a gradual, besides several interludes for wind instruments, written for the purpose of enlivening His Grace's meals, and facilitating his digestion. Notwithstanding this fruitful activity Mozart began to weary of his monotonous days in Salzburg. Though life there was in reality calm and placid, it was entirely given up to material aims. A traveller of the period has characterised it with a few strokes of his pen. "The sovereign," he says, "goes to the chase and to church; the nobility go to church and to the chase; the townspeople eat, drink and pray; the remainder of the population prays, drinks and eats." Mozart was not in sympathy with these surroundings: his fastidious nature and refined tastes accorded ill with them. The coarse environment caused him real suffering; he revenged himself by giving way to sarcasm, which darling sin he had inherited from his father. Thus it pleased him to turn Herr von Moelk into ridicule. He was one of Marianne's suitors, and he had a habit of looking openmouthed at things, "so much so that one guessed easily that the poor man had never journeyed beyond Salzburg and Innsbruck." Wolfgang would also relate with great delight the story of the stupid townsman who complained that he had not been able to gain much idea of Paris, "because the houses were too high and prevented him from seeing the horizon." He felt a kind of contempt for nearly all his fellow-citizens. And this scorn developed into hatred and rage, both occasioned by ennui, and the powerlessness to break the chains which bound him to his prison. "I hold everything in Salz-

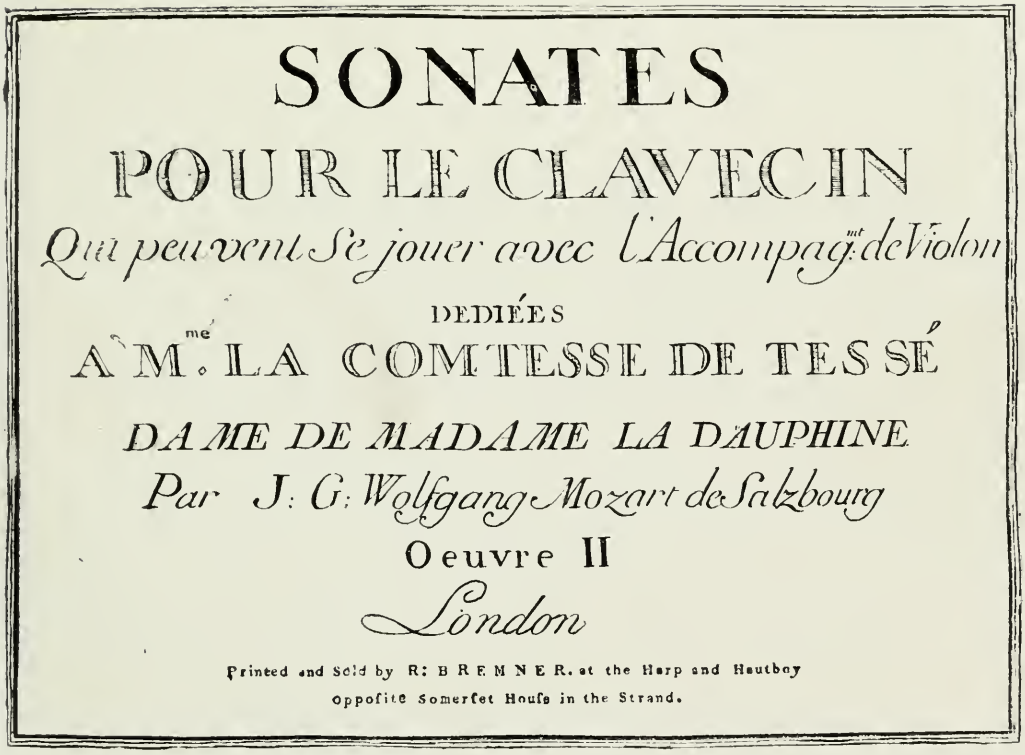
burg in detestation; or at any rate everything that owes its origin to the town. The tone and manner of its people are growing altogether unbearable to me"—and he obstinately refused to associate with them. He had, however, struck up a friendship with a few young men of his own age, with whom he would take part on Sundays, in a game of pea-shooting. This innocent amusement, and two or three balls during the season of festivities were his only diversions. The society of a few cultured men: such as the two brothers of Count Firmian, the grand Chamberlain, Eon Arco, Count Wolfegg, Count von Zeil, might have compensated him for the tedium of his life, but he felt himself held at too great a distance by these gentlemen to gain any benefit from their friendship. He cared only to be on strictly business terms with his comrades in art. One of the church conductors was an Italian and Leopold Mozart could not endure ignoramuses. The cathedral organist, Adlgasser, a learned contrapuntist, had married a woman who was generally contemned, and whose society it was deemed prudent to avoid. Michael Haydn's wife had even a worse reputation; the scandals connected with her name were quite the talk of the little town. Michael Haydn himself was a drunkard who was accredited with the absorption of a pint of wine after each litany; and his father-in-law, Lipp, rivalled his son-in-law in his love for drink. Leopold Mozart's pleasant surprise at finding an orchestra composed of sober members, at Mannheim, may be remembered, and it is accounted for by the prevailing bacchanalian habits at Salzburg. Consequently the mem-

bers of the chapel choir and orchestra received scant consideration and the musical profession was in bad repute among the townspeople.

Therefore for numberless reasons Mozart preferred to pass most of his free time in the bosom of his family chatting about his art with his father, recounting his travel experiences to his beloved mother, and making merry with Marianne over her many adorers. Besides the three beings on whom he concentrated all his affections, there was Theresa, the servant, who was quite one of the family; for her he kept one corner of his heart, reserving another for a few old friends: Schachtner, Haguenauer and the Abbé Bullinger; to the latter he confided his most secret troubles and received from him advice and help in days of bitter anguish.

His favourite pets must not be forgotten: his canary, of which he begged to be informed whenever he wrote home, and Miss Bimbert, the house dog, to whom he had invariably sent a number of kisses which Marianne had been deputised to deliver. But this simple and tranquil existence did not suffice his ardent soul. Unconsciously his genius was urging him to enlist in life's battles and to contend for the laurel wreaths of art. And his father shared and encouraged his hopes. He well understood the necessity of taking his son away from the enervating surroundings which were calculated to imperil his future career; and he perceived that the life and interest of great cities was essential for the well-being of the imaginative highly-strung youth.

Accordingly, one fine day the father and son took


SONATES

POUR LE CLAVECIN

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DEDIÉES

A M.me LA COMTESSE DE TESSÉ

DAME DE MADAME LA DAUPHINE

Par J: G: Wolfgang Mozart de Salzbourg

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courage, and wended their way to the residence of the Archbishop, to tender their humble petition for a few months holiday. The prelate refused point-blank. "That a young man," he asserted, "attached to his service, should wander from town to town, begging for the favour of the public, and receiving the bounty of princes was more than he could possibly tolerate."

The two petitioners bowed and took respectful leave of the Archbishop: inwardly their resolution was fixed. The insult was gross and provoked revolt. With the consent of his father, Wolfgang sent his resignation to the Archbishop. This greatly enraged the ecclesiastic and he was on the point of depriving Leopold Mozart of his appointment. His pride was irritated by encountering opposition where he had least expected it. He did not give a regretful thought to the loss of such a talented lad: "After all," he said, "it is but one musician the less, and this commonplace event is certainly not worth the fuss that is being made over it."

Leopold Mozart threw himself at once into the preparations for his son's departure and began making a plan of campaign: but on this occasion he was not to take command of the expedition. He was bound by the Archbishop's will to stay in Salzburg and his grief was great at the thought of not being able to accompany his son in this critical stage of his career. But he could not allow him to travel alone, for he knew that the lad's careless, simple nature would be too easily influenced and led astray. So after much hesitation he decided to place him under his mother's care. Thus when everything had

been definitely settled, Wolfgang and his mother left Salzburg, September, 2, 1777.

The separation was keenly felt. Perhaps the unhappy father already had a presentiment of what was coming. Possibly he intuitively knew that he was bidding a last good-bye to his devoted wife. The farewells were long and affectionate. He was conscious of the agony of parting from the child who was his pride, his hope; his boy to whom he was doubly attached by the bonds of paternity and by the link of mind, and who he was forced to relinquish at the most decisive hour of his life. However, he had to resign himself to the inevitable; but in his agitation the devoted father forgot for the first time to give his son the paternal blessing. Wolfgang's post-chaise was lost to sight when the remembrance of his forgetfulness came to Leopold Mozart. He ran to the window, opened it wide, and looking down the sunny, dusty road, consigned a benediction to the wide spaces of the air, and then trusting it would reach his beloved son, he fell on his knees and gave way to his heartfelt distress.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CRY OF DELIVERANCE.—MUNICH AND AUGSBURG.

WHILE Leopold Mozart and Marianne were comforting one another by playing a homely game of piquet, Wolfgang was breathing the air of liberty and freedom. The evening of his departure, feeling quite enraptured, he wrote his first letter home dated from Wasserburg in which he showed the fulness of his delight in his newly regained independence. "Viviamo come i principi: we are living like princes, and all that is wanted to complete our happiness is the presence of Father and that little scamp of a sister." After this little skirmish with his pen, he returns again the next day with greater animation, and a lighter heart than ever: "I am in the best humour in the world, and I feel so light since I have shaken off all those pettifogging ways. Also I think I have grown quite stout." But no suspicion crossed the mind of this brave-hearted lad, who was throwing him-

self with such reckless gaiety into the struggle for life, that he had taken the first steps along the path which was to be to him one of trial and trouble. Whither was he going? Towards what end was he tending? What were his hopes or his projects? All that he could have answered to these questions would have been that he knew not, but that paternal prudence had traced an itinerary, in which Paris seemed vaguely to be the final destination. Paternal prudence had also dictated his rule of conduct, which formed itself into two essential points: to make as much money by concerts as would defray the expenses of his travels, and to find a good appointment at one of the princely courts on the list of his visits. For the immediate present he was bound for Munich where the success of "La Finta Giardiniera" had already made his name popular. He took up his quarters at the Black Eagle hotel, the proprietor of which being a friend of art, received him with open arms and placed himself at his service with disinterested cordiality.

His first visit was to Count Sceau, theatrical impresario. He also called upon Prince von Zeil, Bishop of Chiemsee, one of his most faithful and devoted patrons; and he took the opportunity of pleading his own case with the Elector, to whom he offered his services. But the Prince considered him to be too young! "We will see about it later," he added, "for the moment there is no vacant appointment." Though baffled, Mozart was not discouraged; he returned to the charge and endeavoured to force his way by another path, but one more likely and accessible.

The performances of Italian opera took place at this time in Munich only during the very short carnival season; during the remainder of the year the theatre was served by a troupe of German comedians, who transformed themselves at will into a lyric company. When Mozart arrived these singers of circumstance were playing a German version of the "Pescatrice" of Piccini. Count Sceau exercised authority over both enterprises; he governed them at his own risks, which were never very serious, seeing that the subsidies given by the Elector compensated for the expenses and left the receipts in the hands of the director. Over and above this legitimate income the noble impresario did not disdain smaller profits, and he was not ashamed of defrauding the authors of the only fees they received at this epoch: those that they earned by permitting their works to be copied. Schroeder, in a manuscript letter quoted by Otto Jahn, complains of Count Sceau's artful dodge of procuring copies of works through the dishonesty of the prompter. A contemporary of Mozart makes a similar accusation: "for some time Herr von Sceau has been asking me for operettas, but I refuse to send them to him, because he is a second-hand dealer in music."*

It is evident the proceeding is not a novel one, and our modern music pirates have illustrious ancestors. Now Mozart had placed all his hopes on this second-hand dealer. He had conceived an idea of vast dimensions and he dreamt of founding a national German opera. He wanted to oppose translations, by works written ex-

* Letter from Beecké to Dalberg, in Otto Jahn's book.

pressly by his compatriots; and to the influence of France and Italy he had the ambition of substituting his own personal impulsion. And to help on this reform and to accomplish this revolution he asked only for a salary of three hundred florins, and a benefit performance of each of his new works. On condition of receiving this ridiculous sum of money, he took upon himself the formidable task of writing four operas in each year.

But strange indeed are the ways of fate! Had Count Sceau accepted these proposals there is no doubt that the historic development of musical art would have been profoundly modified. Instead of using his genius in giving to Italian form its final perfection, Mozart would have concentrated his mind on the creation of a new art, which impregnated as it would have been with the German national spirit, would have had less universal and far-reaching influence. "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro" would not have existed, but in return there would have sprung up an imposing series of masterpieces beginning with "Entführung aus dem Serail" and "Die Zauberflöte," leading perhaps fifty years earlier to quite another "Oberon" from the one we are acquainted with, to another "Euryanthe" and to a "Freischütz," doubtless more perfect in form, and more finished, but less deeply saturated with poetry and that fantastic naturalism which constitutes the essence of Weber's genius. Beethoven, in whom the symphony reached its ideal perfection, would certainly not have been diverted from his Titanic achievements; like a mighty river he would have followed his own course; nevertheless it is certain that "Fidelio"

would not have been his only opera. Mendelssohn's pliant and graceful talent might have grown stronger by contact with the stage. Schubert and Schumann's poetic fire might have been condensed into drama. Meyerbeer finding opera ready and close at hand would not have been influenced by French art. And, finally, even Wagner might possibly not have thrown himself into the literary musical mysticism, in which this great intellect lost the best of his powers. But it is needless to ramble further into this maze of thought. All this might have been, and was not, thanks to a theatrical director's mistaken economy. And most certainly it is not a matter for regret, though to Mozart the disappointment must have been exceedingly bitter.

As it seemed evident that Munich held no hope for the future, and urged by his father, who had anticipated much of what had happened, Mozart, after wasting sixteen more days in fruitless applications and vain attempts of obtaining work, finally decided to leave the inhospitable city. He went straight to Augsburg. It was his father's birthplace and is still the abode of the last offshoots of his family. Those interested in the matter should go to the Ludwigstrasse; they will see the famous name of the composer of "Le Nozze di Figaro" displayed between a pair of curling tongs and a shaving brush on the sign-board of a hairdresser.*

The young traveller was received in a most friendly way by his uncle. This honest and hard-working ar-

* Ludwig Nohl, "Mozart's Leben," p. 136.

tisan was a bookbinder: an hereditary profession in his family; and he was the father of a pretty little maiden who was just a little younger than her cousin. Mozart was never indifferent to the influence of women. He was by nature exceedingly sensitive, easily impressed, and emotional; the society of women pleased him, and with easy tact he soon found himself on terms of intimacy with them. He very quickly won the heart of his little cousin, and made a compact of mutual affection with her, which lead when they were separated, to an exchange of portraits and to a close and lengthy correspondence.

But as a sceptical writer has rightly said: "Friendship between a man and a woman is love hiding behind a mask." Sooner or later the mask falls off. When the little Augsburg maiden felt her's slipping from her face she discovered that she was very much in love, whilst her light-hearted cousin passed with impunity through the flame stirred up by his imprudent familiarity.

But this charming relationship caused him to forget neither his art nor the object of his travels. One of his first visits was to Andreas Stein, who was one of the cleverest manufacturers of pianos of his period. He called upon him under the artless and transparent pseudonym of Trazom. Mozart had hardly played a few chords when the intelligent tradesman discovered the artifice, and throwing himself into the composer's arms declared that he had been longing for some time to see him, and hear him play. Mozart showed much judgment in his appreciation of the new instruments which were beginning everywhere to supersede harpsichords and

clavichords. With the greatest intuition he grasped and showed off their merits. "Stein," he said, "was completely infatuated by Beecké. He is of opinion now that I am more proficient than his favourite pianist; that I play with quite as much expression and without making so many grimaces. He declares also that no one has brought out the tone of his instruments so well as I. What especially astonishes him is the fixed steadiness of my time. He does not comprehend my appreciation of *tempo rubato:* that the freedom of the right hand interferes in no way with the rhythmic precision of the left."

During the time he was at Augsburg, Mozart became very intimate with Stein; and the latter evinced a great affection for him. He gave some lessons to his daughter, Nanette, then a child of about eight years of age, and a future virtuoso, who was one day to marry Schiller's beloved friend, Streicher. She was also destined to ameliorate, by her devotion, the sufferings of the illustrious Beethoven, isolated from the world and his art by his incurable infirmity. Also, at Stein's house he became acquainted with the organist, Demler. This eccentric person had contracted a most extraordinary habit. He would show his appreciation of good music, or of a virtuoso's talent, by a nervous laugh which would vary in volume according to the intensity of his admiration. "For me," said Mozart, "he went even further, his hilarity reached its highest pitch and resolved itself into a volley of oaths and expletives."

Mozart played a good deal at private houses, and he also organised a concert the proceeds of which were fairly

remunerative, and helped towards the payment of his first expenses; but in the main his stay at Augsburg was hardly more successful than his visit to Munich. "Had it not been," he wrote, "for my kind aunt, my excellent uncle and my charming cousin, I should regret deeply the baneful thoughts which led me here."

Meanwhile Leopold Mozart continued from a distance to watch with the same indefatigable solicitude over his son. He wrote to him each day and never wearied of giving him good advice, entering into all kinds of little details and muddling up in delightful confusion, both comic and touching, recommendations as to the health of his body and exhortations as to the welfare of his soul. Occasionally he would break off in the middle of a sermon and gravely remind him "not to forget to replace the trees in his boots whenever he took them off." But the near future was heavy with a store of other anxieties for the worthy man.

CHAPTER X.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND OPERA OF THE ELECTOR OF THE PALATINATE.—MOZART AND THE ABBE VOGLER.—DREAMS OF FAME.

AT the period of which we are writing, the town of Mannheim, according to the words of a contemporary, was considered "the paradise of musicians." Charles-Theodore was a devoted patron of art and a clever musician. During his reign the little capital of the Palatinate had organised a symphony orchestra which was unrivalled throughout Europe. It was renowned for the rare sobriety and excellent orderliness of its members; this discipline was the work of Christian Cannabich, first-rate violinist and born conductor; and he had added other qualities to these moral ones. In the first place the orchestra was an unusually large one at that epoch: it consisted of twelve first violins, the same number of second violins, four violas, two oboes, two flutes and

what was then considered a great novelty, two clarionets; two horns, four violoncellos, the same number of bassoons and double basses; the trumpets and kettledrums were placed, according to custom, on two side tribunes at the back of the other instruments. All these musicians were chosen from the ranks of the very best artists, so much so, that Burney, in accurate and picturesque language, described the orchestra as "an army of generals, equally fit to plan a battle as to fight it. (Such has been the discipline of their training)."*

A perfect battalion of singers could be drawn up by the side of these instrumentalists: there was Dorothea Wendling, the German Melpomene, her sister-in-law, Elisabeth, the young and already celebrated Fräulein Danzi, known later as Mme. Lebrun, the tenor, Raaff, the possessor of a superb voice which he used admirably, his pupil, Hartig, and many others, each of whom helped towards the erection of a national theatre; for the dream which had been cherished by Mozart was on the point of being realised at Mannheim. Great success had just attended the performance of "Gunther von Schwarzburg," of Halzbauer, and "Alcestis" of Schweitzer, and preparations were being made for the mounting of another work by this last composer: "Rosemunde," the libretto of which had been written by Wieland. In such an environment Mozart had a right to expect some compensation for his disappointments at Munich and Augsburg. And the warmth of his reception strengthened his hopes. Can-

* Burney, "The present state of music." Vol. I.

nabich had seen him when quite a child. He was delighted to meet him again and introduced him at once to his instrumentalists; many of these never having heard his name looked askance at him. No doubt, thought Wolfgang, seeing my beardless face and my short body they imagined me to be frivolous and brainless; I will soon show them that they are mistaken. And in a very short time he numbered them amongst his friends and admirers. However there was one person for whom Mozart had an unconquerable antipathy. He was always so kind, so ready to do justice to the merits of others, but he criticised the Abbé Vogler's compositions with singular asperity. Neither was he better pleased with the Abbé's theoretical writings: "You may probably learn mathematics in his book, but music, never"! And according to him "Vogler was a charlatan and a humbug." Assuredly this judgment was severe. It was no doubt provoked by the Abbé-musician's wild assertion that he could "turn anyone into a composer in three weeks, and into a singer in six months." But in spite of this foolish boast, and notwithstanding Mozart's authority, it is difficult to believe that Weber and Meyerbeer's teacher was devoid of merit or talent. Still, it is well, if only to vindicate Mozart from rash judgment, to place his opinions by the side of Martini's. Vogler had received lessons from Martini, and the latter had a very small opinion of his pupil. It must also be noted that nearly all Vogler's operas were failures, including "La Kermesse ou la Foire Flamande," which he wrote for the Paris Opéra Comique. "As to the music," said Grimm, apropos of this work, "I must

confess that for a long time nothing more trivial has been presented at this theatre; it is written without purpose; it is devoid of character and originality, though the workmanship is extremely whimsical. The unusual failure of this trifle was entirely caused by the deplorable music."* But though it may be necessary to accept Mozart's judgment of Vogler's talent with reserve, his opinion of the Abbé's character may be well relied upon. On this latter score the inhabitants of Mannheim were of one mind; the conceited Abbé was cordially detested by all his colleagues.

This partisanship drew Mozart closer to his new friends, and bound him very especially to three artists of great reputation: Wendling the flautist, Ramm the oboist, and Ritter the bassoon player. It was at this time that he definitely decided to go to Paris where these instrumentalists were engaged, according to yearly custom, at the assemblies of the *concert spirituel.* They were to leave Mannheim at the approach of the Lenten season, and they were most anxious to have their young comrade as travelling companion. "Paris," said Wendling, "is the only town where an artist can make a reputation and a fortune, and there is no doubt that a clever composer, such as you are, will soon make rapid headway. You could write oratorios and symphonies, and receive five golden louis for them there, and you could get them performed at the *concert spirituel* and at the Academy of Amateurs; you could also give lessons for three louis the

* Grimm, "Correspondance littéraire," Vol. IX., p. 446.

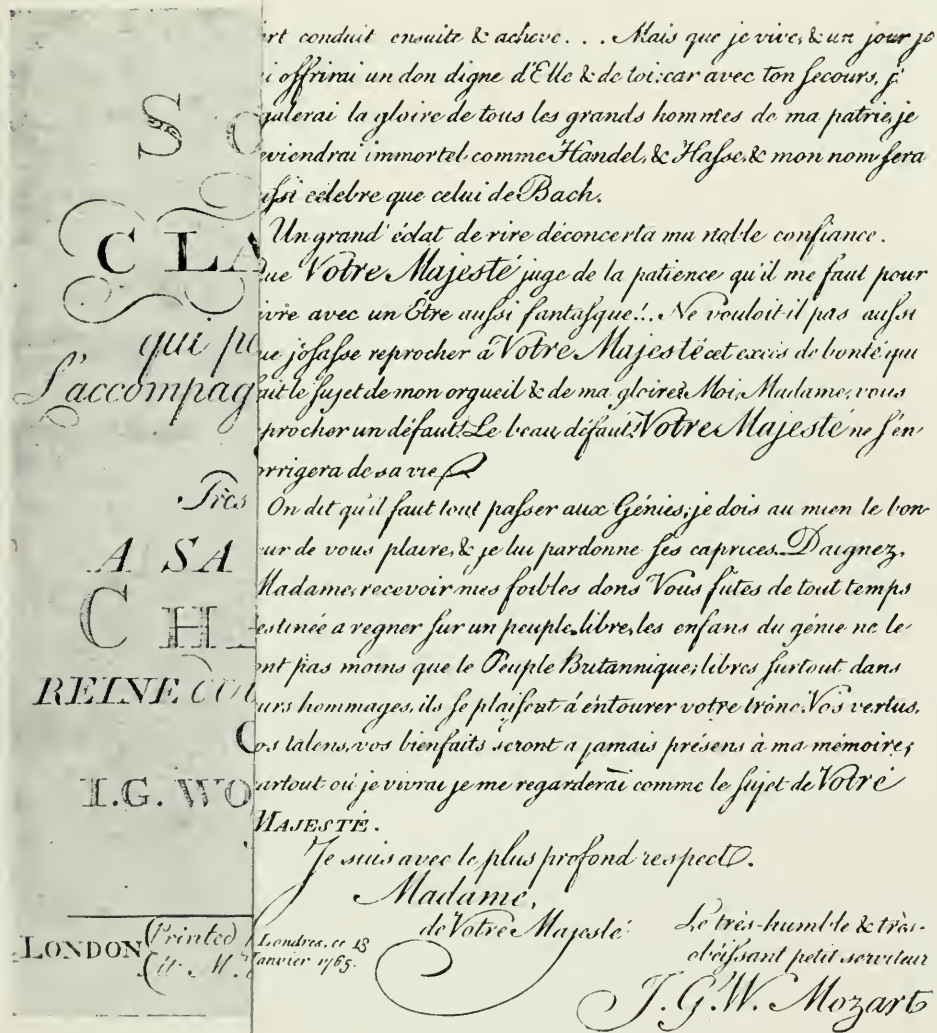
dozen; and after all, why should you not compose when there some grand and some comic operas?"

These last words in particular roused the ambition of the young composer. To be able to write operas! Such was indeed his sweetest and most cherished dream. On arriving at Munich, he had exclaimed in the first transports of freedom and liberty: "my strongest and most ardent desire is to write for the theatre; I am unceasingly obsessed by the idea. The moment I set foot in a playhouse or hear any talk on the subject of opera, I can hardly control myself, I am consumed with longing." He returns again and again to these thoughts; it is plainly manifested that they were a real obsession. "I am envious of all those who write for the theatre. The sight of a score brings tears into my eyes." If this perspective seen within the narrow horizon of a little German town troubled him to such an extent, how much greater was his excitement when chance brought before his mind the vision of that radiant Paris, the souvenir of which was still so vivid and inspiring.

Therefore he accepted his friends proposals with feverish delight. He wrote off at once to his father, giving him minute details of his plans and of his hopes, assuring him of his confidence in their realisation, and begging him not to put any hindrance in the way of such a splendid future. "It was an unique opportunity. The expenses would not be great shared between four travellers; Cauchery, the ballet master, was exchanging places with Ritter; Wendling was Baron Grimm's particular friend; Ramm knew Paris from end to end; and lastly,

himself, now become perfectly sensible, and as capable of directing his life as the wisest. As to his mother, to save expense, she could remain in Mannheim, with the Wendlings. Her watchful care was at present quite unnecessary; Wendling and Ramm were the most honourable men in the world and they had undertaken to assist him in everything. So as to make his project practicable, it was necessary certainly to pass the remainder of the winter in Mannheim; but such a detail was quite unimportant. The Elector was well-disposed towards him; there had been an idea of naming him Court composer; and surely the least that he could do would be to appoint him professor to his children, and the price of the lessons would enable him to await patiently the hour of departure." But Leopold Mozart was not easily dazzled by fine words; he saw his money diminishing without any return for it, and when he began to add up the debts owing for his son's travels, he discovered to his horror that they amounted to 700 florins, which sum he knew to be beyond his small resources. Besides he foresaw that the hopes founded on the Elector of the Palatinate were as little likely to be realised as those which had been previously built on the promises of the Bavarian prince, and events fulfilled his prognostications.

Fortunately Wendling, who held with tenacity to his proposal found means to arrange affairs. He secured gratuitous hospitality for Mozart and his mother from a Councillor of State who was anxious to obtain harpsichord lessons for his daughter. A second lesson earned them their board, and finally Wendling discovered a



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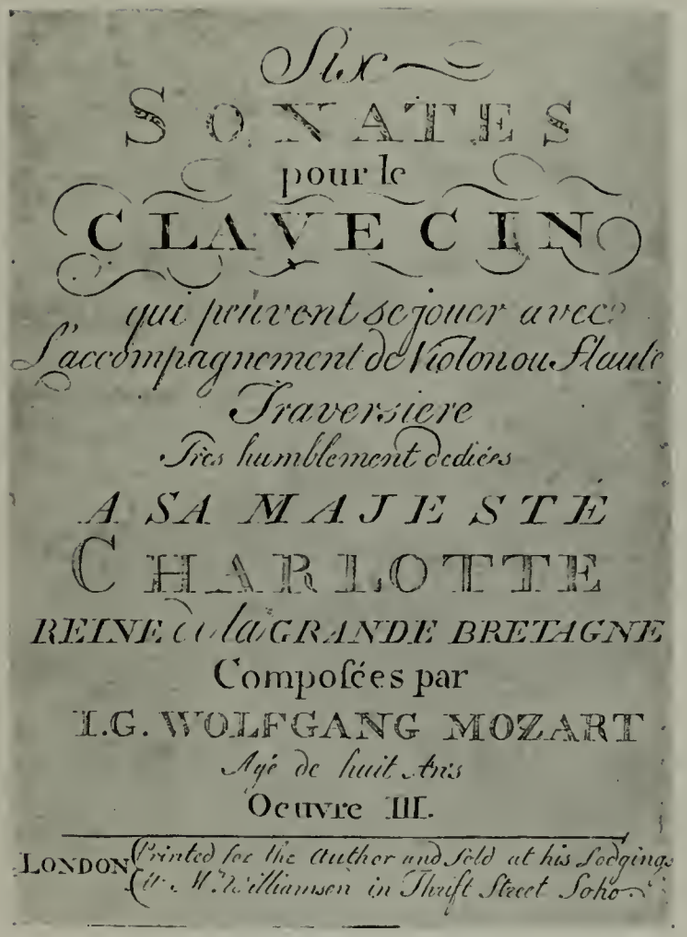
rt conduit ensuite & achève . . . Mais que je vive, & un jour je
i offrirai un don digne d'Elle & de toi: car avec ton secours, j'
galerai la gloire de tous les grands hommes de ma patrie, je
eviendrai immortel comme Handel, & Hasse, & mon nom sera
ussi célebre que celui de Bach.
Un grand éclat de rire déconcerta ma noble confiance.
ue Votre Majesté juge de la patience qu'il me faut pour
ivre avec un Être aussi fantasque!... Ne voulait il pas aussi
ue j'osasse reprocher à Votre Majesté cet excès de bonté qui
ait le sujet de mon orgueil & de ma gloire. Moi, Madame, vous
procher un défaut! Le beau défaut! Votre Majesté ne s'en
rrigera de sa vie.
On dit qu'il faut tout passer aux Génies, je dois au mien le bon-
ur de vous plaire, & je lui pardonne ses caprices. Daignez,
Madame, recevoir mes foibles dons. Vous fûtes de tout temps
estinée a regner sur un peuple libre, les enfans du génie ne le
ont pas moins que le Peuple Britannique; libres surtout dans
urs hommages, ils se plaisent á entourer votre trône. Vos vertus,
os talens, vos bienfaits seront a jamais présens à ma mémoire;
urtout où je vivrai je me regarderai comme le sujet de Votre
MAJESTÉ.
Je suis avec le plus profond respect.
Madame,
de Votre Majesté
Le très-humble & très-
obéissant petit serviteur
J. G. W. Mozart
Londres, ce 18
Janvier 1765.

Facsimiles of "By the Author" at his Lodgings in 1765.
edication.



Six
SONATES
pour le
CLAVECIN
qui peuvent se jouer avec
L'accompagnement de Violon ou Flaute
Traversiere
Très humblement dediées
A SA MAJESTÉ
CHARLOTTE
REINE de la GRANDE BRETAGNE
Composées par
I.G. WOLFGANG MOZART
Agé de huit Ans
Oeuvre III.

LONDON Printed for the Author and Sold at his Lodgings
at Mr. Williamson in Thrift Street Soho.

A la Reine
Madame,

Plein d'orgueil & de joie d'oser vous offrir un hommage, j'achevois ces sonates pour les porter aux pieds de Votre Majesté; j'étois, je l'avoue, ivre de vanité & ravi de moi-même, lorsque j'apperçus le Génie de la Musique à côté de moi.

"Tu es bien vain, me dit-il, de savoir écrire à un age où les autres apprennent encore à épeller. Moi, vain de ton Ouvrage? lui répondis-je. Non, j'ai d'autres motifs de vanité. Reconnois le favori de la Reine de ces Isles fortunées. Tu jugeras que né loin du rang Suprême que la distingue, ses talens l'auroient illustrée, s'il lui plaisoit sur le trône. Elle les honore & les protege. Si Elle te permettoit de lui faire une offrande, tu es avide de gloire, tu seras si bien que toute la terre le saura; plus philosophe, je ne confie mon orgueil qu'à mon clavecin qui en devient un peu plus éloquent, voilà tout.

"Et cette éloquence produit des Sonates!.... Est-il bien sûr que j'aie jamais inspiré un faiseur de Sonates?"

Ce propos me piqua. Et, mon pere, lui dis-je, tu parles ce matin comme un pédant... Lorsque la Reine daigne m'écouter, je m'abandonne à toi, & je deviens sublime; loin d'Elle le charme s'affoiblit, son auguste image m'inspire encore quelques idées que l'art conduit ensuite & acheve. . . Mais que je vive, & un jour je lui offrirai un don digne d'Elle & de toi, car avec ton secours, j'égalerai la gloire de tous les grands hommes de ma patrie, je deviendrai immortel comme Handel, & Hasse, & mon nom sera aussi célebre que celui de Bach.

Un grand éclat de rire déconcerta ma noble confiance. Que Votre Majesté juge de la patience qu'il me faut pour vivre avec un Etre aussi fantasque!... Ne vouloit-il pas aussi que j'osasse reprocher à Votre Majesté cet excès de bonté qui fait le sujet de mon orgueil & de ma gloire? Moi, Madame, vous reprocher un défaut! Le beau défaut! Votre Majesté ne s'en corrigera de sa vie.

On dit qu'il faut tout passer aux Génies; je dois au mien le bonheur de vous plaire, & je lui pardonne ses caprices. Daignez, Madame, recevoir mes foibles dons. Vous fûtes de tout temps destinée à regner sur un peuple libre, les enfans du génie ne le sont pas moins que le Peuple Britannique; lebres surtout dans leurs hommages, ils se plaisent à entourer votre trône. Vos vertus, vos talens, vos bienfaits seront à jamais présens à ma mémoire; partout où je vivrai je me regarderai comme le sujet de Votre Majesté.

Je suis avec le plus profond respect,

Madame,

de Votre Majesté

Le très-humble & très-obéissant petit serviteur

J.G.W. Mozart

A Londres, ce 18 Janvier 1765.

Facsimiles of Title and Dedication of Mozart's Opus 3. Composed in London at the age of 8 and Sold "By the Author" at his Lodgings in 1765. On the reverse is given the translation of this interesting dedication.

TRANSLATION OF THE DEDICATION OF OPUS 3.

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAME,

The opportunity given me to render you homage fills me with pride and joy. I finished these sonatas to lay at Your Majesty's feet; I own I was intoxicated with vanity and well-pleased with myself when I suddenly perceived the genius of Music standing at my side.

"You are exceedingly proud," he said, "of being able to write at an age when others are still learning to spell." "I, proud of thine own handiwork!" I answered. "No, I have indeed other reasons for being vain. Behold the favourite of the Queen of these fortunate isles. You affirm that had she been born of less exalted rank her talents would have rendered her illustrious and placed her upon a throne. She is now the Patroness and Protectress of talent. May she graciously permit you to make her an offering. You are covetous of glory; your work will be such that the whole world will hear of it. I am more philosophic and will only confide my pride to my clavecin [harpsichord], *which will gain thereby in eloquence, and no more."*

"And this eloquence engenders sonatas! . . . Can it be said with any degree of certainty that I have ever inspired a maker of sonatas?"

This allusion displeased me. "Fie upon you, my Father," I retorted; "this morning you speak in terms of pedantry. . . . when the Queen condescends to listen to me I place myself under your guidance and I reach sublimity; far from Her the spell no longer works. Her August image still inspires me, and art takes up the few ideas I still possess and completes them. . . . May I continue to live, and one day I will offer her a gift worthy of Herself and thee: for with thine assistance I will equal all my great compatriots in renown. I will become immortal like Handel and Hasse, and my name will be as famous as that of Bach."

A loud burst of laughter interrupted my well-intentioned confidences. You, Madame, will appreciate the patience required to live with such a fantastic Being. Did he not seem to intimate that I should reproach Your Majesty with the excess of kindness which is the cause of my complacency. As if I, Madame, could demean myself to reproach you with a defect. And such a beautiful defect! Your Majesty will not need to cancel it as long as you live.

It is said that to geniuses all allowances must be made; I owe to mine the happiness of pleasing you, and I pardon him all his caprices. Deign, Madame, to receive my feeble gifts. You were destined, from the beginning of Time, to reign over a free people; the children of Genius are no less free than the British; especially can they use their freedom to render you homage and to surround your throne with praise. Your virtues, your talents, your favours will remain ever in my remembrance; wherever my lot may be cast I shall consider myself as the subject of Your MAJESTY.

With the most profound respect I sign myself,

Madame,
Your Majesty's
Most humble and very
obedient servant,
J. G. W. MOZART.

LONDON, *January* 18, 1765.

'ION OF OPUS 3.

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Your Majesty's
Most humble and very
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J. G. W. MOZART.

January 18, 1765.

Dutch amateur who promised Wolfgang 200 florins in exchange for a couple of quartets and three small concertos for flute, which was this worthy dilettanti's favourite instrument. In view of these improved circumstances Leopold Mozart relented, and gave his son permission to go to Paris. But he made the stipulation that his wife, instead of remaining in Mannheim, should resume her place in the home, and return thither when Mozart left for France. All the plans were at last settled, and everything smoothly and definitely arranged, when in the first fortnight of February, Leopold Mozart received three letters in succession from his son which caused him very great astonishment. Suddenly, as if by magic, all Wolfgang's ideas had changed. He had made the unforeseen discovery that his travelling companions, whose merits he had previously so highly extolled, were no longer congenial to him. "Wendling, it is true, was a perfectly honourable man but he was devoid of any sense of religion; Ramm was good-hearted but a shocking rake. And then on second thoughts what was he to do in Paris? Give lessons? He felt no vocation for such a calling, and there were surely better ways of employing his time. He had formulated a new plan of campaign which was worth a hundred of the one he was giving up."

The secret of this sudden change was a simple one; Wolfgang could not help betraying it in every line of his last letters. Though Leopold Mozart guessed it at once, it was somewhat of a blow to him. For he understood that love had triumphed simultaneously over reason and friendship.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ROMANCE OF FIRST LOVE.

JUST at this time there lived in a remote corner of Mannheim an unassuming and hardworking artist named Fridolin von Weber. Descended from a well-to-do family, one that had been ennobled in the past; well educated, having taken a degree in theology, he had, in consesquence of a series of unrecorded adventures, found himself obliged to follow the humble employments of prompter and copyist at the Mannheim theatre. His salary consisted of 400 florins, with the occasional addition of a few kreutzers earned with difficulty during his hours of slumber. This meagre pittance had to suffice for the bringing up of six children: five girls and one boy. A singular destiny was reserved for this worthy, industrious workman who was bearing up so bravely against poverty and ill-luck. Had his span of life been longer, and had Mozart not died so prematurely, this humble artisan might

have been in his old age the link between Mozart and Weber, he might have placed the hand of his son-in-law, the composer of "Don Giovanni," in that of his nephew, the creator of "Freischütz."

One day in the summer of 1778, Mozart was invited to the castle of Kirchheim-Poland, the residence of the Nassau-Weilbourg family. He bethought himself, when accepting the Princess of Orange's gracious invitation, that he would like to present her with a few of his new compositions. So he went in search of a copyist and was directed to the theatre.

Poor as he was Fridolin von Weber had not neglected his daughters' education. They had been especially well trained in the art of music, the love of which was hereditary in the family. One of his children, named Aloysia, a charming girl, aged fifteen, was gifted with a magnificent voice; she was already a proficient singer and had had much success. Fate had decreed that the hostess of Kirchheim should dispatch an invitation to the pretty singer simultaneously with one to Wolfgang. It chances often at such meetings that two young hearts understand one another very quickly. The preliminaries of an ordinary acquaintanceship are soon glossed over; hands meet and clasp one another as if the pair had known each other for years. In one short hour Aloysia and Mozart were close friends. Seeing that destiny had smiled so sweetly on them it was agreed to share a carriage together and go to the castle. At the same time it was arranged that the young singer should add a new song to her programme, that it should be a composition of Wolfgang's, and that

it should be studied in detail together. The piece chosen by Mozart—and no doubt artfully selected—was a famous air from his "Lucio Scilla" bristling with difficulties, "full of formidable vocal passages; written for the flexible voice of the de Amicis." Such songs require long and assiduous practice and real conscientious hard work. And the master gave his pupil unwearied instruction. The house of the poor copyist held for him an invincible attraction. The rooted aversion he had hitherto had for teaching was succeeded by the fervour of an apostle. He passed whole days seated at the harpsichord by the side of the charming Aloysia; he was to help her to become the finest singer in the world.

"He is happier with others than with me," said Frau Mozart, shaking her head, but entirely in ignorance of the fact of the bird having left the maternal nest. But it was impossible for Mozart to remain uninfluenced by these daily interviews with a beautiful young girl, whose voice and talent he was helping to mature. Neither did he try to repel the attraction: on the contrary he gave himself up with delight to all the joys of a first and tender love. The little excursion to Kirchheim was a sweet and exquisite experience. The charm of intimate intercourse, of long hours passed in one another's society, of joint triumphs and successes, one and all tended to draw the two young people closer together.

The letters in which Mozart gives an account of his visit deserve to be recorded, "Next Wednesday, he writes to his father, "I leave for Kirchheim-Poland where I am to spend a few days at the residence of the Princess of

Orange. I have heard this princess so favourably spoken of that I could not refuse the invitation. One of my greatest friends, a Dutch officer, was sharply rated by her the other day, because he did not ask me to accompany him when he went to pay his respects to her on New Year's Day. I expect to receive a gratuity of at least eight gold louis, for I have had four of my arias copied for her,—she adores vocal music—and a symphony for her orchestra which plays every day at the castle. The copying of these pieces will not be of much expense to me; the work was done by a certain Herr Weber who accompanies me on my visit. This excellent man possesses a daughter who sings marvellously well and has the most beautiful voice in the world. She is barely fifteen years old and all she needs to make her a consummate artist is a little experience of the stage."

A letter written on the 2nd February following, adds further details: "When we arrived at Kirchheim-Poland we sent our programme to the Resident-Minister. The next morning we received a visit from the *Concertmeister*, Herr Rothfischer, and the same evening we went up to the Castle. Fräulein Weber sang three arias. I send you no details, it is sufficient for you to know that she sang them quite perfectly. I have already told you of her ability in a former letter, but I cannot close this one without adding something to her praise for I have only learnt to-day to know her and to appreciate her as she deserves. After the concert we supped at the officers' table. The following Sunday we dined at the castle. There was no concert that evening on account of its being Sunday. There are never

any performances on that day consequently the princess only has 313 concerts each year. All the same we were invited to the evening meal, but we preferred staying at our hotel and supping together. We made this decision unanimously, for we are never so happy as in each other's society.

"The next day, Monday, there was a concert, and one also on Tuesday and Wednesday. On these three occasions Fräulein Weber sang thirteen numbers and played two harpsichord pieces; for she is not without talent also as an executant. The facility with which she reads music surprises me. Would you ever have imagined that she played my most difficult sonatas at sight. She plays them a little slowly, but she never misses a note; I give you my word of honour that I would rather hear them interpreted by her than by the Abbé Vogler. As for myself I played altogether twelve pieces and by the desire of the Princess I performed on the organ, in the Lutheran church. I presented four symphonies to the Princess. But she only gave me seven gold louis and my poor dear Weber only received five. *Basta!* we were lucky on the whole: I still possess 42 florins of my earnings and I have had the inestimable advantage of forming a connection with good Christian Catholics, and with a thoroughly honourable and excellent family—my only regret is not to have known them sooner. *Apropos* (this word is in French in the original letter) of my 77 florins, you must not be surprised if I have only 42 of them left. Common courtesy has involved me in a few expenses with my travelling companions. I wished to

share all the bills with such worthy people, and therefore I always paid half the charges. But rest assured that I will no longer do so during our next travels; we have agreed to pay each our own share of everything for the future. After leaving the castle we went on to Worms and stayed there two days with a dean, a brother-in-law of Herr Weber. We had all our meals at his house and enjoyed ourselves immensely."

Still, notwithstanding its violence and impetuosity, first love is timid and discreet. The heart has its own voluble language but the tongue remains tied. Mozart felt that his secret was stifling him but he feared to reveal it. His thoughts were full of endearing terms which he dared not pronounce.

But though ordinary speech was forbidden him, another language was at his command. He found some words of Metastasio which expressed his inward longings: "*Non so donde viene quel tenere aflecto* . . . . I know not from whence has come this ineffable tenderness, this strange new feeling which penetrates to the depths of my soul and thrills all the chords of my being. No, it cannot be pity which fills me with such profound emotion; it is not pity which agitates and disturbs my mind." To these expressive verses he allied all the poetry of his art; inspired by love, melody came to him freely and spontaneously and was poured forth in torrents of eloquence. He felt certain of being no longer misunderstood, so he started with resolute steps towards the abode of his loved one. On the threshold of her door his courage failed him: "Fräulein," he said, "I bring you a song which I have composed for

you. I beg of you to read it when you are alone. I leave the interpretation to your good taste and feeling." And with these words he turned and fled. When two days later he returned, he found Aloysia Weber seated at the harpsichord singing the composition he had given her, to her own accompaniment. He listened enraptured: the young girl's expressive voice was echoing his own thoughts; from her lips ideal words were issuing; she was uttering the self-same mysterious avowal which he had so long repressed, and which now by some magic illusion sounded as if addressed to himself.

Later, while still almost lost in ecstacy, he wrote to his father and sent him the song, since become historic: "do not give it to anyone," he said, "for I wrote it solely for Fräulein Weber; it suits her excellently well and is as admirably adapted to her voice as a well-made dress to her figure."

It is certain that this song, which is well known in Germany and altogether unknown in France, is quite a masterpiece. Mozart thought very highly of it, and apart from the sentiments to which he owed its inspiration, it always held a first place in his artistic predilections.

But to return to his letter: though it held no explicit confession it was easy for Leopold Mozart to read between the lines and to guess the feelings which dictated it. "This unfortunate family," said Wolfgang, encompassing the whole household with the sympathy with which he surrounded his Aloysia, "this unfortunate family is so dear to me, that I have but one wish, which is to give them happiness; and I think my wish will be realised. I have

advised Fräulein Weber to go to Italy. You could write to your Verona friends and ask them to engage her at the theatre. I can give you my word that her talent as a singer will redound to my credit. As for myself, I will write the opera for her début and as I will not have her part spoilt I will be content to receive thirty sequins. From now to then we will travel together accompanied by Herr Weber and his two eldest daughters; we will go through Switzerland and Holland making enough money for the expenses of our little company; Herr Weber's eldest daughter can cook."*

All these imaginary dreams were destined to break like glass at the first touch of reality. Leopold Mozart answered his son's letter with another full of good sense and affectionate solicitude. In the first lines of the missive, and while still feeling the effects of the shock he had received, he poured forth his distress: "Alas! my son, whither are fled those happy days each evening of which before going to sleep you climbed on to my knees to sing your little song. You used then to kiss the tip of my nose, assuring me that when I should be an old man you would always have me near you tightly packed up in a box with a glass lid, so as to preserve me from dust." Then setting aside his grievances and assuming a more tactful tone he would try to show him the inanity of his projects. He was careful, however, not to run counter to his inclinations and not to oppose his passion. Without saying anything definite he allowed his son to keep up

* This "cordon bleu" was destined later to create the part of the Queen of Night in the "Magic Flute."

hope, contenting himself with showing him the fallacy of his expectations. "It rests with you," he said, "to decide if you will travel the world as a nameless musician or mount to the highest rung of the ladder of fame and be numbered among the celebrated men whose works are studied and whose lives are written by future generations. A hasty marriage will bring poverty to your door, for only a union contracted by those who have a sure mastery over themselves and their position can bring comfort and happiness."

Such wise counsel coupled with moderated remonstrance had the desired effect; they threw a light over Mozart's judgment which had hitherto been obscured by passion. The eyes of the young man were opened and with touching resignation he made his submission. "The days of which you speak at the commencement of your letter," he answered, "are certainly gone by, but my respect and love for you have never changed. I will do as you wish and I will start for Paris." The shock to Wolfgang's affections was a violent one and the dispelling of his witching dreams caused him much sorrow and grief. He fell seriously ill and had to keep his bed for several days. But his nature which was strong without being precisely robust had triumphed over many other past experiences. His good sense brought him renewed peace of mind and health: after all, he reflected, if the present is taken from me the future is mine own. Besides there was no question of giving up his hopes; on the contrary the experiment he was about to make was calculated to bring about their realization. He could reconcile his duty with his love.

But the hour of separation was at hand. On Friday, March 13, a day doubly unpropitious for superstitious souls, Mozart wended his way once more along the sweetly familiar road which led to the home of his beloved; he was anxious to spend the last moments with her, and to carry away in his heart the imprint of her likeness which would thus remain with him and act as a gentle and consoling viaticum. During the interview tears were copiously shed by the pair; while describing his projects and expectations Mozart could not retain his. Fräulein Weber had embroidered two pairs of mittens for him; impetuous tears coursed each other down her cheeks as she presented her gift: tears of regret no doubt, but also tears of vexation for the young girl's affections had been mortally wounded. It is well known that women will not submit tamely to their lovers recognising any other authority than their own; and by submitting to his father's will, poor Mozart had irrecoverably alienated from himself this girl who was at heart a flirt, and whose affections were simulated and unreal. At last the time came for making farewells. Fridolin von Weber who already looked upon Mozart as his son could not bear to part from him and gave way to his emotion. As a token of friendship he gave him a thick roll of music-paper, which modest present was at the same time a witness of his poverty and a salutary exhortation to future work. He added to this Molière's comedies which Wolfgang had not yet read; he then accompanied him to the door, embraced him once more, and standing watching until he was nearly out of sight, waved him a last adieu.

Though unconjectured by Mozart the grave of his love had that day been dug, for though for some time he was to keep the remembrance of Aloysia and to continue to buoy himself up with false hopes, she was ready to banish him from her memory. The ingratitude of the young girl was all the greater seeing that Mozart had been the first to teach her to understand and realize the joy of life and the magic of art.

CHAPTER XII.

MOZART IN PARIS.

WOLFGANG arrived in Paris accompanied by his mother at 4 p.m., on March 23rd. The journey of nine days and a half had been tedious and fatiguing. "Never in the whole course of my life," he writes, "had I felt so bored; it was almost more than I could endure." His depression was so great that he had not even tried to lighten the monotony of the long hours.

This amorous melancholy and nostalgia remained for a considerable time with him. The feverish tumult and irritating racket of great cities afford scant alleviation to aching hearts. Such sufferers require pure country air, native skies, a happy home life. He had been in Paris over a month when he wrote to his father: "I am, on the whole, in a tolerably bearable frame of mind. I am neither well nor ill, but everything is the same to me, and

I can get up no interest in anything. The thought that you are pleased with me keeps up my courage." But he had by no means relinquished his hopes with regard to Fräulein Weber, and though he expressed himself in ambiguous words he treated the subject loyally in his letters. "I have a plan in my mind for the happy realisation of which I pray to God every day. If all goes well, and if events come to pass according to my wishes, I shall then be able to count, I hope, on your good will and on your fatherly love." This frame of mind was not exactly calculated to help him towards making his way in Paris. It is necessary in order to enthral this wayward city, to give her an undivided love, and to pay her assiduous and impassioned homage. Forced in spite of himself to play the gallant, Mozart acted the part with a bad grace, and gave scant praise to the French capital.

On their arrival Mozart and his mother engaged a room in the hotel of the Quatre Fils Aymon, situated in the Rue du Gros Chenet; such was the name then given to that part of the Rue du Sentier which runs between the Rue de Cléry and the Rue des Jeûneurs. The house which they occupied was just in front of the Rue du Croissant; their little room was dreary and dark, and so narrow that it was found impossible to place a clavichord between their two beds.* The next day Mozart looked up his old friends and endeavoured to make some new acquaintances. He called on his first patron, Grimm, and on the ballet-

* Hotel des Quatre Fils Aymon, rue du Gros Chenêt, opposite the rue du Croissant; such was the address given by Mozart. The custom of numbering the houses did not come into vogue until 1780.

master at the opera, Noverre, whom he had met in Vienna. He lost no time in hunting up his Mannheim friends; he was delighted with the tenor, Raaf, because he could speak freely to him of Aloysia Weber, and also he was glad to meet again with Wendling, Ritter and Ramm. This time he forgot to censure their morals. Wendling, whose talent had gained him a certain influence, introduced Mozart to his director, M. Legros, counter tenor at the Royal Academy and conductor of the Concert spirituel. This impresario promised to give the young man a chance of displaying his abilities, and an occasion soon presented itself. Legros had arranged to execute at his first concert a "Miserere" of Holzbauer for soli and choruses. The latter were deemed inadequate, and Legros commissioned Mozart to write some new ones. He acquitted himself of the task in the somewhat short time prescribed by the circumstances and composed four choruses. They met with great success at the rehearsals. Unfortunately the "Miserere" was considered too long for the programme. Two choruses were omitted, the name of Holzbauer was appended to the others, and poor Mozart derived neither merit nor profit from his labour. Another work ordered by Legros, a concerted symphony for flute, oboe, horn and bassoon, met with a still greater misfortune: it found its way into the director's portfolio, where it remained unnoticed and unknown.

It was undoubtedly scant matter for regret, the vocal resources of the "Concert spirituel" being at that time of very slight excellence. After having been banished from the theatre the *urlo francese* had taken refuge with the

"Concert spirituel." Just a little time back Burney had written thus: "I went at five o'clock to the "Concert spirituel" (June 14, 1770). Mdlle. Delcambre shouted the 'Exaudi Deus' with all the strength of her lungs. . . . . The concert ended with a 'Beatus vir,' motet for grand chorus, intermixed with soli. The counter-tenor bellowed so loud, it was just as if someone was holding a knife to his throat. I had no difficulty in perceiving, owing to the satisfaction spread over the features of the hearers, that this kind of music pleased and suited the French more than any other. But the last item delighted them most. Never in my life had I heard such a *charivari.*"* Should this description be considered exaggerated, it is sufficient to read the definition of French singing which Grimm attributes to an Italian composer, giving it at the same time on his own responsibility: "the art which we reverence under the name of chant or vocal music, is shamefully profaned in France; the term is applied to a fashion of impelling, with effort, the voice out of the throat, and breaking it with a convulsive movement against the teeth; in our country we should call it *screaming;* it is heard to any extent in our public streets, but of a truth, never in our theatres."†

Finally if this last is not sufficient evidence, I refer the reader to Grétry's "Jugement de Midas," a witty and biting satire in the olden style, which was performed for the first time in 1778, the year Mozart was in Paris. Or

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* Quoted by Fétis. "Curiosités de la musique," pp. 330, 331.

† "Correspondance littéraire," xv., p. 280.

Young Mozart holding a roll of music. After the Painting by Pompeo Battoni. Now in the possession of the Nottingham Museum.

open Grétry's Memoirs, in which he has preserved in musical notation some fragments of this grotesque and fossilised art, accompanied by this instructive piece of advice: "Assume with this an almost smiling countenance, and retain it even in solos of a melancholy nature; give as much expression as you can to your lower jaw; throw it a little forward so as to give yourself a slightly contorted air, and you will then sing old French as it was sung in the days of Rebel and Francœur."

However, in spite of his simple and unassuming life, Mozart's purse was getting rapidly empty, and it was becoming more and more necessary to find some means of refilling it. After many applications he succeeded in finding some pupils, and he taught composition to a daughter of the Duc de Guines. The Duc played the flute, and his daughter, who was, according to her professor, "inexpressibly stupid and lazy," played the harp extremely well. Mozart wrote at this time a concerto for the two above-mentioned instruments, neither of which could he barely tolerate; this concerto has been preserved whilst the two former compositions which have just been referred to, have disappeared and cannot be traced.

Mozart had remembered the paternal admonitions and had obtained a fixed engagement as conductor in one of the churches. One of his friends, a famous horn player, named Rodolphe, who was also the author of a celebrated singing method, endeavoured to obtain for him the post of organist in the Chapel Royal at Versailles. But at the moment when his efforts were about to be crowned with success, Rodolphe encountered opposition from his

protegé; he was extremely disinclined, he said, "to go and bury himself in a place without any means." The fact of his giving up such an excellent position, which would have rendered his stay in Paris a certainty, showed that he had other plans and hopes. As it happened, the lengthy correspondence, which he had kept up with the Weber family and with Cannabich, was the means of acquainting him with the prospect of an engagement as Court composer at Mannheim. This illusory vision caused him to give up a certainty for a shadowy uncertainty. The chances of writing for the French stage were, however, still more alluring, and with this perspective before him he was ready to take up his residence definitely in France. For this he relied greatly on the help of Noverre. The ballet-master had shown him much affection, though not altogether of a disinterested kind. He exerted a good deal of influence over the director of the Opera, and he promised Mozart to use it on his behalf, and to procure for him a libretto on the subject of "Alexander and Roxane." Mozart was, of course, delighted. "I am not the least doubtful of success," he writes to his father. "It is certain that the devil invented the French language, and I clearly see the difficulties which my predecessors encountered; but I am not affrighted by them and I am longing to demonstrate my capabilities."

"Be prudent," answered Leopold Mozart, "study the French operas and observe well what produces a good effect. Saturate yourself with the idioms and chief characteristics of the language, and endeavour to possess yourself of its true accent. Do not improvise anything, and

remember, my child, that your success depends on the result of your first trial." Unfortunately this good advice proved needless. Noverre had either exaggerated his influence or he did not dare use it on behalf of an unknown artist. In the meantime he continued to lure him with promises. It was not only to be a question of two acts of "Alexander and Roxane" but of three of "Demophon," and while he continued to decoy poor Mozart with false hopes he was making as much as he could for himself out of his good will and talents. But previous to giving further details on this point, it will be well to take a rapid bird's eye view of the state of the French lyric theatre at the epoch when Mozart was dreaming of making it illustrious by his efforts.

Just at the time when the Maestro came to Paris the management of the Academy of Music had experienced a slight revolution. By a Royal decree the theatre had been withdrawn from civic administration, and from the chief direction of the intendant of the Menus-Plaisirs, and had passed into the hands of the Sieur Devismes de Valgay, who was henceforth at his own risk and peril to be its supreme controller and director.*

The task at first seemed an easy one. During the five previous years the national repertory had been entirely renovated by Gluck. His splendid genius had endowed the French Opera with a galaxy of masterpieces, the last of which, "Armide" (September 23, 1777), was as famous and remunerative as any of its predecessors. Far from scaring the public, Suard's pamphlets, the Abbé Arnaud's

* "Correspondance littéraire de Grimm," vol. x., p. 37.

pointed rejoinders, and Marmontel's epigrams had, by aggravating the anger of rival parties, awakened public curiosity and made the fortune of the theatre. One would have imagined that Gluck's departure would have put an end to these quarrels, or, at all events, appeased them. But such was not the case. Hostilities, in the absence of the Chief, continued as relentlessly as ever. Only battles were waged on different ground—and on this account the director of the Opera believed himself worsted—for from want of ammunition skirmishes were no longer fought in the pit, but in newspaper offices and in drawing-rooms. All this was not what Devismes bargained for. The turmoil and the disputes were all very well provided they took place on his own territory. Restless and daring, he was anxious at all risks to rekindle the dying embers of party spirits and strife. Starting with the idea that it would be easy to stir up the partisans of the French music of olden days, and to renew in his theatre the uproarious successes of 1752, he sent, at great expense, for a company of Italian singers, whom he placed under the direction of Piccini, and who were intended to play the principal works of this composer.*

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* The first troupe of Italian comic actors came to Paris in 1729, but they made no great impression and left no trace of their advent on operatic affairs. The two works which they presented were, "Il Giocatore" and "Don Mico e Lesbina." Castel-Blaze who notes their performance makes a somewhat amusing blunder when he stated that the company were under the direction of Lucio Papirio. ("L'opera Italien," p. 128). He understood the Piraeus to be the name of a man. "Lucio Papirio" is the title of an opera in which the first of the two interludes is interpolated. In the libretto it is called "Intermezzo nell' Lucio Papirio." In

Les Bouffons made their first appearance on Thursday, June 11, 1778, in the "Finte Gemelle" or the Suppositious Twins. The advertisements stated that the opera would be followed by the "Petits Riens" (little Trifles) pantomime-ballet *composed by M. Noverre.*† Unfortunately for de Devismes, Gluck's severe style of music, his tragic recitatives, and striking melopœias had completely estranged the French taste from the Italian cantilenas. The nation had thus undergone a transformation at the hands of the composer who "preferred the Muses to the Sirens," and henceforward it derived its pleasures from a more austere art. "*Res severa verum gaudium!*" and in spite of the renown of some of its interpreters, and notwithstanding Piccini's well-meaning melodies, the "Finte Gemelle" was received with yawns. The new ballet, however, had better luck than the ultramontane opera. Did Noverre's work merit the forbearance which was not accorded to that of Piccini? Notwithstanding my researches, I have not been able to obtain the libretto of "Les Petits Riens" either at the National Library or at that of the opera. Fortunately the "Journal de Paris" of Friday, June 12, records its principal characteristics,

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1752 a second Italian company arrived and made a real sensation. Their first performance was "La Serva Padrona" at the Opera on August 2; it was a veritable triumph. I take this opportunity of stating an almost unknown fact: Pergolese's opera had already been performed and had passed very nearly unnoticed across the stage of the Comedie Italienne on October 4, 1746. It had been sung by Riccoboni and the Signora Monta or Montigni. (See "Dictionnaire des théâtres de Paris," by the brothers Parfait).

† See "Journal de Paris" of June 10 and 11, 1778.

and the reader can judge for himself. The following is the analysis which I now transcribe verbatim:

"At the conclusion of the piece ("Finte Gemelle") the first performance was given of "Petit Riens," pantomime-ballet composed by M. Noverre. It comprises three episodical scenes almost quite detached from each other. The first is purely anacreontic: it is Love caught with a net and placed in a cage; the composition is very pleasing. The demoiselle Quimard and sieur Vestris displayed all the charm and grace necessary for the subject. The second is the game of Blind-Man's Buff; sieur d' Auberval, whose talent is so pleasing to the public, played the principal part. The third is a roguish trick of Love, who introduces to two shepherdesses another shepherdess disguised as a shepherd. The demoiselle Asselin plays the part of the shepherd and the demoiselles Guimard and Allard those of the shepherdesses. The two shepherdesses fall in love with the supposititious shepherd, who in order to undeceive them throws off part of her attire. This scene is rendered extremely piquante by the intelligence and gracefulness of these three celebrated dancers. We note that at the moment when the demoiselle Asselin undeceives the two shepherdesses several voices called *bis*. The different figures with which the ballet terminated were much applauded."

Whatever may be one's opinion of this *scenario* it is certain that its success was an assured one. The eloquent tone of the anonymous journalist—who was not always so lenient—suffices to prove it. And Grimm's testimony is not less favourable. However, his praise has also a

note of criticism. "It is to be observed," he says, "that in this last scene there is a moment which has never failed to evoke a slight murmur in the midst of the noisy applause; so true is it that decency always holds a severe ascendancy in our theatres.* It is the moment when the supposititious shepherd, in order to undeceive the two shepherdesses who are disputing his affections, finally drops his disguise. With whatever grace, and whatever modesty the demoiselle Asselin disabuses her companions, this pantomine has always divided the opinions of the spectators, and the voices that have cried *bis* have never silenced the adverse criticisms of the others.†

As to the music, it is unnoticed by Grimm, as it is in the "Journal de Paris," and probably no one attended to it. Neither is it surprising; in these ballets the delight of the eyes is paramount and the greater number of them were composed only to be at once hacked about with scissors. They were made to fit in with popular songs and fashionable tunes, the words of which being well known, came easily to the memory of the spectators and helped to explain what was being acted. They were called spoken arias (airs parlants).

Was it possible to doubt that this time it was a work by the hand of a master of his art?

Et vous, gens de l'art,
Pour que je jouisse,
Quand c'est du Mozart,
Que l'on m'avertisse!

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* It is well to remember that this was in 1778.

† "Correspondance littéraire de Grimm," vol. x., p. 53.

You lovers of art,
For my good pleasure,
When it is Mozart,
Warn me at leisure!

And it was Mozart, but the public was not warned. Noverre had taken good care to keep his collaborator well in the background, and the poor maestro, for fear of offending his patron, kept a prudent silence. But even had the name of the rightful author of "Petits Riens" leaked out it would have made little or no impression. The benign and glorious name of Mozart was then unknown to anyone in France except Noverre. Those who might have recalled the memory of the wonderful child prodigy, would not have surmised his having grown into an illustrious and prodigious composer. In spite of their fabulous appearance these facts are absolutely authentic and the claims of Mozart to the music of "Les Petits Riens" cannot be questioned. The following are his own words in a letter dated July 9, and addressed to his father. "Apropos of ballets, I indeed told you that Noverre was arranging a new one for which I was writing the music. With the exception of six numbers interpolated by Noverre, and which were only *wretched French ariettas*, the rest were all composed by myself: overture, quadrilles, etc., in short, a dozen numbers. The ballet has been performed four times very successfully. That is sufficient. I promise you that in future I will not do any work unless I am sure beforehand of an indemnity. I will not write a note that is not paid for." After reading this letter it is no longer possible to remain in doubt.

With the exception of the six numbers scornfully named *wretched*, the composer of "Les Petits Riens" is none other than the composer of "Don Giovanni." It was certainly a strange fact that Mozart's work should have been pilfered with such unblushing effrontery by a daring speculator, and performed under another name but his own at the Paris Opera. But there is another circumstance which is even of greater interest. The score of this ballet so long ignored, the value and importance of which was unknown, is still in existence. It is in the library of the opera, where, thanks to M. Nuitter's kind help I had no difficulty in finding it. The little score is neatly and carefully written. Beside an overture composed of 106 bars, it comprises twenty dance numbers. I do not wish to exaggerate anything, and with regard to a slight work quickly written I would be on my guard not to evoke the mighty shades of "Don Giovanni" and of "Figaro," but it is none the less true that this dainty ballet is a work, in its own particular style, worthy of its famous author. It may be said that Mozart when he wrote it knew very well that his name would not reach the public. But it was to his interest to please Noverre and to prove to him that he was entirely worthy of his patronage. And besides, feeling confident of his own genius, he had but to give the reins to his fancy and the most charming and original fantasies flowed freely from his pen. A careful scrutiny shows at once those that are apocryphal. We are absolutely certain of one, which is the aria "Charmante Gabrielle." And if for the other five we can only give style as a reason, it is so self-evident that to my own eyes,

at least, no doubt can be entertained. Apart from the overture, the authorship of which was especially claimed by Mozart, there are still fourteen numbers which must be attributed to his pen. One and all carry the mark of the Maestro, and even without the avowal in the letter of July 9, they would betray of themselves their magisterial origin. It is true that Mozart in his letter seems only to mention *twelve* numbers: "überhaupt zwolf Stücke werde ich da zu gemacht haben," but the word "überhaupt" takes away from the phrase any idea of narrowness and restriction. The translation should not then be *twelve numbers*, but *about a dozen.* Is it not evident that by limiting the right of others to six numbers he thereby accepts the rest as his own work. Finally it is well to note that when excusing himself to his father, who had accused him of writing without remuneration, he would naturally try to diminish the extent of his work, and the slight importance of the two numbers (together they are composed of only twenty-four bars) might appear to him no doubt, to justify a slight fraud. Therefore I consider as proven that the fourteen last numbers of the ballet "Les Petits Riens" are Mozart's; and consequently I give them a new order of enumeration by abstracting the six first which are not his.

Firstly a word as to the overture. It is orchestrated for 2 violins and a viola, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarionets, 2 horns, 2 trumpets, 2 bugles, kettledrums and double basses; it has but one movement. It is not in the usual classic form but it is similar to the one adopted by Gluck in "Orpheus," and its frame is admirably adapted to the

slight dimensions of the work. The composition is full of charming details, and of turns and figures peculiar to Mozart. For example the cadenza which is introduced in the introduction to the "Nozze," to these words of Suzanne: "Sembra fatto in ver per me," is reproduced note for note.

The following is a list of the numbers.

No. 1.* Largo con sordini.—2-4. Key of C major.—Quatuor, 2 flutes, 2 oboes,—35 bars.† This number is interrupted by a short presto which re-introduces the principal theme.

No. 2. Movement not indicated. 2-4.—A minor.—Quatuor.—18 bars. In form of *lied.*

No. 3. Andantino.—2-4. Key of C.—18 bars. The instrumentation is limited to 2 violins; they play the accompaniment and there are 2 flutes which answer one another like echoes. These counter calls were probably made from one side of the theatre to the other to mark the different evolutions in the figures of Blind-man's buff.

No. 4. Allegro.—6-8. Same key.—Quatuor.—6 bars. This is a very short melodrama, indicating, in all likelihood that one of the players had been caught and made a prisoner by the Blind-man.

No. 5. Larghetto.—2-4.—F major.—Oboe solo, quatuor and 2 horns.—16 bars.

No. 6. Allegro-Gavotte.—2-4.—F major.—Quatuor.—2 oboes, 2 clarionets, 2 horns, 2 bassoons.—63 bars.

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* No. 1 corresponds to No. 7 in the opera score. The other numbers bear the same relation to one another.

† This enumeration does not comprise repetitions or any da capo.

No. 7. Adagio.—2-4.—D major.—Quatuor.—2 flutes.—12 bars.

No. 8. Movement not indicated.—6-8.—D major.—Quatuor.—2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 horns.—36 bars. This number is similar in movement and style to "Cosa rara"* and "Fra due litiganti,"† both of which were cleverly interpolated by Mozart in the finale of "Don Giovanni."

No. 9. Movement not indicated. Graceful Gavotte.—6-8.—A major.—Quatuor.—2 oboes.—27 bars.

No. 10. Movement not indicated. Pantomime.—2-4.—A major.—Quatuor.—28 bars.

No. 11. Passepied.—3-8.—D major.—Quatuor.—16 bars. The first four bars of this number are exactly similar to those in the 2nd movement of the first of the six sonatas for piano and violin dedicated to the Princess Palatine. Observe that this last piece was composed, like the ballet, in the year 1778, and that it was printed for the first time in Paris from the manuscript of the composer.

No. 12. Movement not indicated.—Gavotte.—2-4.—B flat.—Quatuor.—50 bars.

No. 13. Andante.—2-4.—B flat.—Quatuor and 2 oboes.—16 bars.

No. 14. No indication of movement.—Gigue.—6-8.—E major.—Quatuor, 2 flutes, 2 clarionets, 2 horns, 2 bassoons.—67 bars.‡

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* Opera by Martini.

† "Fra due litiganti il terze gode," opera by Sarti.

‡ I published "Les Petits Riens," arranged for piano by M. Renaud de Vilbac, in the "Ménestrel." Shortly after I had made my discovery, M. Danbé always on the look out for artistic

The second performance of the "Petits Riens" did not take place until Saturday, June 20. The ballet was necessarily linked to Piccini's opera, and the indifferent success of this last work delayed its reappearance. The "Journal de Paris" of June 15 explains the causes of this delay: "the bass who has just arrived will replace Signora Farnesi in the part of Marescial which she had taken only out of pure complaisance." Such a change, of high-bass and soprano, was naturally extremely hazardous. Signor Fochetti was not more successful than his predecessor, and at the third performance—Thursday, June 25—his place was taken by Signor Tozzoni. Finally after the fourth representation—Thursday, July 2—the "Finte Gemelle" disappeared from the play-bills. The ballet which survived the failure of the opera was revived on Thursday, August 2, and the spectacle was entirely re-arranged. "Les Petits Riens" composed by M. Noverre was witnessed again with renewed pleasure. It was played by the sieurs d'Auberval and Vestris the younger, with all their usual intelligence and charm, and the same can be said of the Demoiselles Guimard, Allard and Asselin in the parts they had created.* Such was the fate of this delightful work written by one of the greatest musical composers of all time. For a short while it gave pleasure to a certain number of theatre-goers, and then it

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treasures, asked me for the loan of the score for the purpose of performing it in one of the concerts which he was giving at the Grand Hotel. Excellently interpreted by a first-rate orchestra it met with pronounced success.

* "Journal de Paris," Friday, August 14, 1778.

fell into oblivion without ever revealing the secret of its birth and parentage. In 1856 Edouard Fournier published an interesting book giving details of Mozart's life in Paris, in which he touched on the relations of the Maestro with Noverre.* But strange to say it did not occur to the author or any of his readers to search for the lost score. It is true that M. Fournier got on to a wrong track, for he named another ballet of M. Noverre, "Annette and Lubin" as the work of Mozart. But the first performance of "Annette and Lubin" did not take place until Thursday, July 9. 1778,* on which day Mozart writing to his father could not have alluded to this work when he said it had been played already four times. The score of the "Petits Riens" was no doubt destined to slumber like the Sleeping Beauty for nearly a century, for it lay hidden under the dust of libraries for ninety-five years before it was discovered and restored to its rightful author.

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* "Revue Française," vol. vii., p. 28.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNPUBLISHED SYMPHONY.—REPERTOIRES OF THE OPERA AND THE COMEDIE ITALIENNE.

NOTWITHSTANDING Noverre's fine promises and the mirage of the Opera, Mozart bethought himself of the Concert Spirituel, and of Legros' word of honour to give him some compensation for the annoyances he had received at the performance of Holzbauer's "Miserere." Legros, who was more honourable than Noverre, fully intended to fulfil his pledge. Shortly after the initial representation of the "Petits Riens," a symphony expresssly written for the French, and known under the name of the "Parisian Symphony," was executed for the first time in the concert hall of the Tuileries, on the Feast of Corpus-Christi, June 18, 1778. The work was a complete success and Mozart mentions himself that the public asked to have the introduction repeated. On the other hand the *Andante* was not considered effective,

and it did not meet with Legros' approval. In order to please his impresario, Mozart wrote a second one, which was published in Sieber's old edition. The work with its new movement was performed again on August 15, and was received as favourably as before. Mozart was present, but he remained hidden in a corner of the hall. His anxiety was very great and he was trembling in every limb, for he feared that at some moment one of the dreadful hitches which had taken place at the rehearsals might recur and ruin his prospects of success. However, when enthusiastic applause greeted the end of the symphony, he breathed freely once again, and without waiting to enjoy his triumph he ran to the Palais-Royal and revelled in the light and air. "I ordered," he said, "an excellent iced sherbet and in the intervals of sipping I kept the vow I had made of saying my rosary."

But the "Parisian Symphony" did not remain an isolated composition. Besides the "Concertante" which I have already referred to, and which Legros neglected to have inscribed, I venture to affirm that Mozart wrote a 2nd symphony for the Parisians which was performed on the eve of his departure, at the Tuileries, on September 8. At the outset it might easily be mistaken for a third rendering of the "Parisian" Symphony, but a careful scrutiny will dispel that impression. "The concert will open with a *new* symphony composed by Signor Amadeo Mozart," wrote the "Journal de Paris," when giving the programme for September 8. The word *new*, which I italicize, is characteristic. The journalist refrains from using it when announcing the second performance of the "Parisian"

Mozart in his Fifteenth Year. Painted in Verona, 1770, for Pietro Lugiati by artist unknown. Rediscovered by Sonnleithner.

Symphony although this work had been touched up and a new andante added.

A still more substantive proof of what we are stating can be given, one that is decisive and unimpeachable, for it rests on the testimony of Mozart himself. In his last letter dated from Paris, September 11, when deploring his hurried departure, he writes, word for word, thus: "I was just beginning to make myself known and my *two* symphonies have gained me here a good deal of repute." It must be noticed that the word *two* is written very distinctly in full, and not in numeral letters. Finally if this last is not sufficient proof for incredulous persons we would refer them to another letter written from Nancy, and dated October 3, in which this sentence, which seems perfectly clear and indisputable, will be found: "with the exception of my sonatas, I am not bringing back any new composition to Salzburg, for I have sold my *two* symphonies and the concertante to Legros." It is therefore absolutely certain that we have another unpublished work of Mozart's in Paris, and that this second symphony must be in one of the music portfolios belonging to the Concert Spirituel, most of which were removed to the library of the Opera. I bring this fact before the notice of all collectors who are desirous of enriching the art of music by the hearing of an unknown work.

I have indicated how under pretence of helping the young composer, Noverre had artfully induced him to write the ballet of "Petits Riens" which he had caused to be represented under his own name. In return for this work the ballet-master had been lavish with fine promises,

but Mozart had received no remuneration from him. It is almost needless to add that the assurances were never verified.

Still, though the composer did not succeed in making himself known to the French Academy of Music, the influence of his sojourn in Paris was none the less felt and it greatly aided the development of his genius.* He had obtained easy access to the Opera, and to the Opera-Comique at that time known by the name of the Comédie Italienne. He availed himself often of this privilege and later he showed a marked predilection for the study of French scores. One day, one of his friends finding him sitting surrounded with Gluck and Grétry's works, asked if he did not find the study of Italian composers more profitable. "As regards melody, yes," answered Mozart, "but in point of truth of diction and dramatic expression, no!"

Gluck's influence is plainly manifest in his work. As to that of Grétry, to give but one example, it is sufficient to compare the admirable finale of the "Nozze di Figaro": "Esci omai garzon mal nato," with that of the "Jealous Lover"; it will be found that the first is a faithful copy of the second. So exact is the analogy between the subject of Grétry's andante: "Il ne sait plus que dire," and Mozart's "Signore cos'e quel stupore?" that one is almost

* On this point I would direct the attention of my readers to the excellent chapter entitled "Mozart in France" in Gustave Bertrand's book: "Les Nationalités musicales étudiées dans le drame lyrique." They will find sound opinions and lofty thoughts expressed in clear and graceful style.

tempted to lay the charge of plagiarism to the account of the more resourceful and exuberant of the two composers.

For these reasons it has seemed to me interesting and instructive to give, at this juncture, a complete list of all the operas and comic operas, which were performed in Paris during the time Mozart remained in the capital. I hope my readers will condone this somewhat dry nomenclature; the minutes they will spend over its perusal, will certainly be less in number than the hours I bestowed on its compilation.

Between March 23 and September 28, 1778, the following works were performed at the opera: Gluck's "Armide" and "Alceste," his "Iphigenie en Aulide" and his "Orpheus," Piccini's "Roland," Philidor's "Ernelinde," J. J. Rousseau's "Le Devin du Village," Grétry's "Trois ages de l'Opera," Trial's "Fête de Flore," Gossec's "Fête du Village" and Désormery's "Myrtil et Lycoris"; the Italian company also gave Piccini's "Finte Gemelle," Paisiello's "Due Comtesse" and "La Frascatana," Pergolese's "Serva Padrone" and "Il Curioso Indiscreto" of Anfossi.

During the same period of time the following comic operas were given by the Comédie Italienne: "Silvain le Tableau Parlant," "Zémire and Agor," "La Rosière de Salancy," "Le Huron," "Les Deux Avares," "L'Ami de la Maison," "Lucile," "Le Jugement de Midas," "Les Mariages Samnites" and "Le Magnifique," all composed by Grétry. "La Belle Arsène," "Le Cadi dupé," "Rose et Colas," "Le Deserteur," "Le Roi et le Fermier," "Le Maître en droit," and "On ne s'avise jamais de tout" of Mon-

signy. "Les Femmes Vengées," "Le Bucheron," "Tom Jones," "Sancho-Panza" and "Le Maréchal ferrant" of Philidor. "La Clochette," "Les Sabots," "La Bonne Fille," "Le Milicien," "Les Deux Chasseurs et la Laitière," "Le Peintre amoureux de son modèle" and "Mazet" of Duni. "Les Trois Fermiers," "Zulima et Julie" of Dézèdes. Audinot's "Tonnelier"; Blaise's "Isabelle et Gertrude"; Vachon's "Les Femmes et le secret"; Martini's "L'Amoureux de quinze aus"; Piccini's "Bonne Fille"; Pergolese's "Servante Maîtresse." Sacchini's "Olympiade" and "La Colonie."

Parodies of fashionable light airs or ariettas: "Bastien et Bastienne," "La Servante justifiée," "Le Coq du Village," "Le Diable à quatre," "Acajou."

To this list the oratorios performed at the Concert Spirituel must be added: Rigel's "Sortie de l'Egypte" and "La Destruction de Jérusalem," Cambini's "Sacrifice d'Abraham," Bambini's "Suzanne" and Pergolese's "Stabat Mater."

Though Mozart may not have witnessed the performance of all these works, it is certain that he heard a good number of them. It seems evident that he did not seek the company of their composers. He always maintained a strict reserve and followed his father's advice of keeping merely on terms of civility with his fellow-musicians. And also Gluck was no longer in Paris; Mozart had made Piccini's acquaintance in Italy; Gossec gave few assurances of friendship, and as to Grétry, whose character would

otherwise have been sympathetic to Mozart, it was well known that he frequented the society of philosophers whose religious principles were extremely distasteful to the young composer.

CHAPTER XIV.

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MOZART'S MOTHER.

WE will now resume the thread of our narrative and recount an important event in Mozart's family life, one that was to exert a decided influence over his future. While her son perambulated Paris, rushing from the residence of Legros in the Rue de l'Evèque, to that of Noverre in the Rue Sainte-Anne, Frau Mozart was, according to her own expression, imprisoned in the little chamber in the Rue du Gros-Chenêt. She had always been inclined to embonpoint, and age and a sedentary life had materially increased the tendency. This obesity had impaired her circulation and had rendered her subject to slight strokes which she tried to remedy by rather frequent blood-letting and old-fashioned medicaments. Living as she did in a narrow and unhealthy room, in an airless street, taking no exercise, and allowing herself no relaxation of mind, her physical condition soon changed

from bad to worse. During the month of May she had been somewhat seriously indisposed and she had resolved on regaining her health, to find a brighter and more airy apartment. She had also made up her mind to resume her own cooking of the household food which would be preferable to the ordinary warmed-up restaurant and hotel dishes. But unfortunately she was never able to carry out her good resolutions.

Towards the middle of June the temperature became of tropical intensity. On the 19th Frau Mozart, whose temperament was badly adapted to excessive heat, fell seriously ill. The next day she complained of chilliness and had recourse to the family medicine-chest; she was bled by a barber, but obstinately refused to see the doctor whom her anxious son was eager to summon. "She had no faith in French doctors." The situation became more and more grave. Finding it impossible to dispel his mother's prejudices, Wolfgang went in quest of a Teutonic practitioner, and after some difficulty he discovered an old man whose nationality was perfectly authentic, but whose skill was certainly less indubitable. The German Esculapius came to the sick woman's bedside, examined her and shook his head; and as she complained of great thirst, he prescribed rhubarb and wine. Though Wolfgang had scant knowledge of medicine, this remedy aroused his suspicions. He ventured the observation that he had always believed that wine was heating. But the medical man replied sententiously that wine was strengthening and that water was heating to the blood. "What could I do?" exclaimed Wolfgang in despair; "but leave

everything to this man and give myself up to God's will. I could only pray earnestly to God who knows best what we need." From day to day the poor invalid became rapidly worse. Soon her strength completely failed her and delirium took possession of her brain. On the 26th the doctor returned and clearly stated that his patient could not live much longer; there was just time to administer the last religious rites.

This unexpected revelation was a severe shock to Wolfgang and he rushed wildly and breathlessly to the gate of the Chaussée d'Antin to find a fellow-countryman from whom he had always received great kindness and consideration. This worthy man, by name Heina, was a cavalry trumpeter. The next day they went together to the house of a German ecclesiastic who came and heard the sick woman's last confession and administered extreme unction to her. Mozart called also on Herr Grimm who sent his own medical man in all haste to the Rue du Gros-Chenêt. It was, however, too late. On July 3 the death-agony ensued; at twenty minutes past ten the wife of the Salzburg conductor passed quietly away. She died in the arms of her son who had watched by her bedside day and night for two weeks.

Worn out with fatigue and broken-hearted for the loss of his beloved parent, Mozart, nevertheless, passed the rest of the night writing two long letters; the first to his aged father whom he gently prepared for the receipt of the terrible truth; the second to the Abbé Bullinger, the devoted and faithful family friend. To the latter he

told all, at the same time begging him to act as emissary and to break the news to Leopold Mozart.

This good man, whose thoughts were always full of his dear ones, was just then recalling pensive memories of the feast of S. Anne; it had always been a day of joy and happiness in his home, and he knew that once again this anniversary would be passed without the presence of the wife with whom he had trodden life's pathway for so many years. "So as not to miss this happy day" he wrote to her, "I am anticipating it a little, and I send you a hundred thousand good wishes. I know that your felicity is marred by the absence of your husband and your daughter, but it is God's will that we should be apart for a little while longer. Let us hope that in His mercy He will bring us all together soon, for thus to be living separated and far from one another grieves me more than I can possibly express." But alas! while he was writing these lines the beloved wife had already gone to her eternal rest.

The sudden and unforeseen shock was deeply felt by the tender and affectionate husband. The sad event, however, did not weaken his usual strength of mind and soul. The very first words of his son's letter had disclosed the truth to him, and the Abbé Bullinger's communication merely swept away any lingering illusion such as occasionally survives in the most despairing heart. His strong will and profound faith helped to conquer his agitation and to calm his grief. "God's will be done," he exclaimed, I am resigned and submissive to His decrees, but, alas! whither am I to go to find the grave of my poor

faithful helpmate!" Though Wolfgang's letters have left this question without response, it is by no means unanswerable. It is probable that Frau Mozart, whose death was registered at the Church of S. Eustache, was buried in the Cemetery des Innocents. The church of this name and the tombs were demolished in 1785 and the Council of State made an order at this time for the cemetery to be no longer used as a burying ground. The poor woman's body reposed but a short time in its resting place, for inscriptions in the crypts attest that the removal of the remains from the Cemetery des Innocents was performed between December, 1785 and January, 1788.*

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* The following is Frau Mozart's death certificate taken from the registers of the parish of St. Eustache which were destroyed by fire at the time of the Commune:

"Samedi, 4 Juillet, 1778.

"Le dit jour, Marie-Anne Pertl, âgée de cinquante-sept aus, femme de Leopold Mozart, maître de chapelle de Salzbourg, en Bavière, décédée d'hier, rue du Gros-Chênet, a été inhumeé au cimetière, en présence de Wolfgang—Amadé Mozart, son fils, et de François Heina, trompette des chevan-legers de la garde du roi.

"(Signé) Mozart, Heina, Lisson."

CHAPTER XV.

MOZART AT THE CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN.—NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE SALZBURG COURT.—BACK TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.—MELODRAMA AT MANNHEIM.—VANISHED DREAMS.

THE death of his wife brought about a complete change in the mind and plans of Leopold Mozart. His fears with regard to Wolfgang were redoubled; he dreaded his want of experience; he knew how easily his yielding nature would lead him astray; and with great anxiety he now beheld him left to himself in the midst of the dangers and temptations of a great city. He had never had any illusions as to the extent of his wife's influence over her son, but knowing that Wolfgang adored his mother he recognised that filial love was after all a sufficient safeguard against headstrong acts and perilous pitfalls. And now this beneficial restraint would be sadly missed.

He regained some measure of tranquillity on

hearing that Grimm, faithful to his former compact of friendship, had given his son hospitality under his roof, or strictly speaking, under that of Madame d'Epinay. For the philosopher was just then sharing house with this distinguished woman who lived in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Thus the future composer of "Don Giovanni" established himself in a little room overlooking the boulevard, just a few steps from the house which at a future date was to accommodate the illustrious author of "Guillaume Tell."

However this intercourse between Grimm and his young friend instead of bringing them closer together had the effect of accentuating the discordant notes in their characters and stirred up silent strife between them in which Wolfgang was bound to come off second best. While following the first dictates of his heart, which had been prompted solely by generous feeling, Grimm had not foreseen the uneasiness and restraint which the advent of this stranger would bring to the household. It was not long before he became aware of the weight of the responsibility he had taken upon himself. It must be remembered that heretofore Grimm had known Mozart only as a child. And now that the wonderful boy had grown to manhood he found his genius and even his talent difficult to apprehend. For the philosopher was an energetic partizan in the musical contentions of the day and was strongly on the side of the Italians. He was constantly asserting that the only salvation for the French theatre lay in Italian opera, composed and sung by Italians; also as he looked upon his young guest as quite a nonentity he

deeply resented any attempt on his part to alter or modify his ineradicable convictions. For these reasons Grimm's influence with his father gave considerable displeasure to Mozart. He had tried his best to get Wolfgang recalled to his own country, and he had used every effort to divert the young composer from the path he was treading. The following is an extract from a letter written by him to Leopold Mozart, on August 3, in which it is easy to read between the lines and to distinguish the writer's real sentiments. "Your son is too sanguine, too inactive, too easily taken in, too little concerned with the right means of making a fortune. Here, in order to come to the front, one must be crafty, enterprising, pushing. To secure his success I would rather he had less talent and more self-confidence. There are only two ways which will lead to his advancement. The first consists in giving harpsichord lessons; but besides the difficulty of getting pupils without recourse to a great deal of exertion and even charlatanism (sic), I am doubtful if he has health for the business; for to career from one end of Paris to the other, and to wear oneself out extolling oneself, is extremely fatiguing. Also this profession does not please him, for it interferes with what he loves best, and that is composing. He could give himself up entirely to writing; but in this country the majority are unmusical. Consequently everything is in a name and the merit of a work can only be justly estimated by a small minority; just now the public is ridiculously divided between Piccini and Gluck, and the arguments one hears on the subject of music are contemptible. With these two rival camps in possession it is

very difficult for your son to succeed. You see, dear master, I fear very much, that in a country where so many detestable and mediocre musicians have amassed fortunes, your son will not be able to manage very well for himself." It was not necessary for Grimm to waste much eloquence in trying to convince his correspondent, for his cause was gained even before he had pleaded it. Leopold Mozart was now as anxious to get his son away from Paris as before he had been desirous of sending him to France. He foresaw danger with the same quiet perception as he had earlier anticipated safety, and it must be conceded that he showed himself on this occasion to be as clear-headed and perspicacious as ever.

Unfortunately this alteration in the opinions of the father coincided with a precisely opposite change in the ideas of the son. Mozart was beginning to make a name and he was getting accustomed to French manners and customs; his future was becoming intelligible to him for he had caught a glimpse of the position which he could make his own by dint of patience and hard work. It was difficult therefore to recall him to Salzburg and back to the archbishop's service. He held this ecclesiastic in strong aversion. This feeling was easily explainable by the light of past events; the course of future occurrences was destined to justify it.

One circumstance, however, seemed likely to bring about his return. Adlgasser, who played the organ situated in the dome of the chapel, had been seized with an apoplectic fit while sitting at his instrument. His appointment becoming vacant, and urged by those about

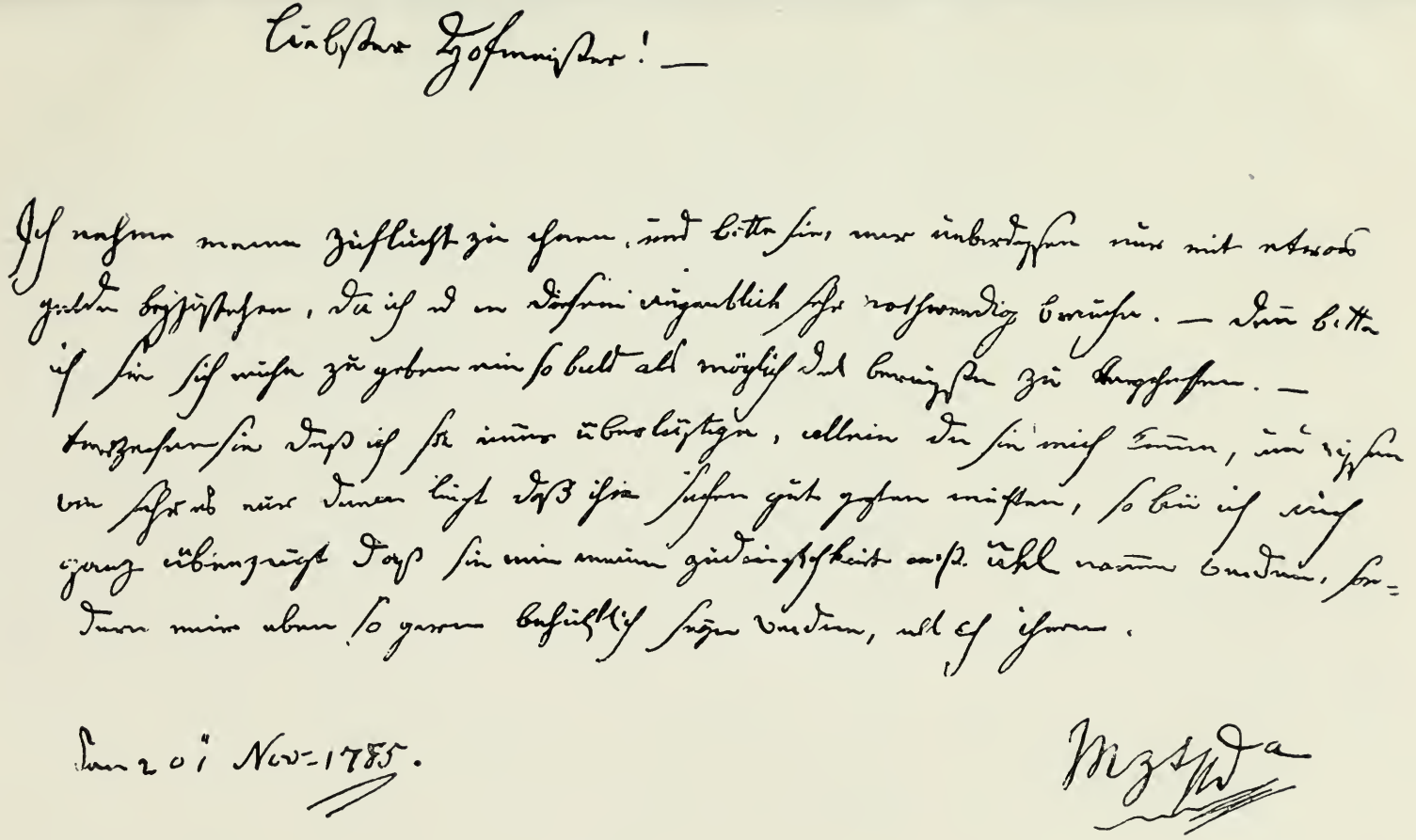
him, the archbishop had bethought himself of his former concert director. He had even made certain overtures on the subject to Leopold Mozart, who, without hesitation had transmitted them to his son. But to these Wolfgang turned a deaf ear. In the meantime another appointment became vacant; the death occurred of Lolli, director of the chapel music, and the archbishop following the dictates of his court had renewed his offer, and had at the same time intimated that he would appoint Leopold Mozart to the post vacated by the old Italian master. This prospect comprised a salary of 1,000 florins, which, with the 500 florins promised to Wolfgang, bid fair to bestow on the family a competency which they had not hitherto enjoyed.

These expectations helped to give Leopold Mozart the strength to regain his paternal authority. This time he expressed his good pleasure in a manner his son was not able to resist. But while he clearly showed his determination he cleverly smote a chord which vibrated lovingly in Wolfgang's heart: he hinted that the archbishop needed a first class singer, and he promised to use all his influence to induce the prelate to engage Fräulein Weber, whose progress and talents, he added, were vaunted by everyone. He had touched the weak spot in his son's armour. This irresistible inducement had the desired effect, and in spite of his reluctance to enter the archbishop's service, the love-sick Mozart wrote and told his father that he was ready to leave Paris. However his departure caused him considerable anguish. He felt he was making a mistake, and Grimm's readiness to get him out of the way pained him very deeply. On September 26, 1778, the philosopher

accompanied him to the stagecoach, and paid his way as far as Strasburg, assuring him that the journey would only be of five days duration. The speed imputed by Grimm to the conveyance was too excessive to be realised, for in reality the distance was never covered in less than twelve days. Mozart was shaken and jolted for eight days and eight sleepless nights, and then he felt he could endure it no longer. He got out at Nancy and there he stayed a considerable time, arriving at Strasburg three weeks after his departure from Paris.

From there he gazed longingly in the direction of the French capital. "I am convinced," he wrote to his father, "that I have made a great blunder in leaving Paris so hurriedly. My love for you alone helped me to be resolute and to withstand the advice of my friends who were anxious to keep me with them. They are satisfied that if you had understood my position, and if you had been kept informed by a sincere and disinterested correspondent, and had not been influenced by selfish and untrustworthy advice you would have written to me in a less compelling and altogether different vein. In time I could have become famous in France and I could have earned a good income. But I see now quite clearly that the error cannot be remedied."

While Mozart was looking thus sadly back into the past an unexpected piece of news reached him. Charles-Theodor who had just succeeded to the Electorate of Bavaria had moved his court from Mannheim to Munich, and had engaged the services of Aloysia Weber for his theatre, at a salary of 1,000 florins. Wolfgang rejoiced



Facsimile of a Letter sent by Mozart to his Publisher, Hofmeister.

over his friend's good luck, but on the other hand, he was cruelly disappointed. This unforeseen engagement put to flight his most cherished illusions. The thought of Aloysia had alleviated the bitterness of his submission to parental orders. And he recognised at once the impossibility of trying to urge the Archbishop to contend with Charles-Theodor's munificence in order to keep Aloysia away from the Bavarian capital. The idea was impracticable.

Though the pretty singing bird had left her cage, and Munich now came before Mannheim in Mozart's affections, yet he had so many tender recollections of the beautiful town where first he had breathed his love, that at the risk of incurring his father's displeasure he resolved to make a long circuit and go there in pilgrimage. Everyone connected with the church had left in the retinue of Charles-Theodor, but a certain number of his friends were still to be found there; they continued to share the belief that the Elector would return to his former residence as he would not be able to brook "the coarseness of the Bavarians." A dramatic company had come to take the place of the singers, under the direction of Baron Dalberg, who was endeavouring to give a vogue to the new style of lyrical melodrama.*

This somewhat recent invention, which really owed its existence to J. J. Rousseau who had essayed it in his

* I am forced to use this barbaric pleonasm in order to restore the etymological acceptation of the word: μέλος and δρᾶμα to distinguish it from ordinary popular tragedy, with or without music, to which it is preferably applied with us.

"Pygmalion," was then cultivated somewhat freely in Germany.* Georges Benda had just inaugurated it with his highly successful "Ariane Abandonnée." Mozart was pleased with the novelty and began, without waiting to be asked, to compose a "Semiramis." But pressing entreaties from his father, who was getting anxious over his long absence, and who feared that the Archbishop of Salzburg might change his mind, caused him to relinquish the work and leave it unfinished.

He therefore bid a resigned farewell to Mannheim and left for Munich where he hoped to lay in a store of happiness against future days of weariness and ennui, and where he still imagined he might remain, thanks to Cannabich and Raaff's influence. He would have been doubly delighted, he wrote, thus to give the slip to his Grace the Archbishop. But though he was bringing back a faithful and devoted heart to the girl he loved, and returning unchanged, as in the halcyon hours of their first love, Aloysia Weber had long ago broken the bonds which linked her to her lover and had regained her freedom.

Leopold Mozart, who in all things appertaining to human nature was a profound sceptic, had, when hearing of the change of fortune in the family of the poor Mannheim copyist, predicted a less hearty welcome for his son

* It is singular to meet here again with Rousseau whose musical merits have been so often and so strongly contested. In my opinion this great writer is not only the creator of melodrama, he is also the Christopher-Columbus of French comic opera, of which "Le Devin du Village," notwithstanding its dialogue composed of recitative, is the original model.

than that which he had been accustomed to receive from them in their days of poverty and misery. As regards the head of the house he was mistaken for he had greeted Wolfgang with sincere joy and affection. But on the other hand, he had been painfully accurate with respect to Aloysia. The ungrateful beauty gave the poor young man an icy reception. She scarcely deigned to recognise him and he understood at once that his hopes were ended. Though hard hit, Mozart was too proud to expostulate or complain. He walked slowly up to the old harpsichord, whose keys had so often responded to his touch, and began to sing in a choked but firm voice the first bars of the popular song: "I part without regret from the girl who holds me in contempt."

Thus he bid farewell at one and the same moment to the ideal dream which he had so fondly cherished, to the happy bygone days which he had been living through in memory, once again, in Mannheim, and to the tender illusion woven round the name of Aloysia and which one glance of hers had dispelled for ever.

CHAPTER XVI.

MOZART RE-ENTERS THE ARCHBISHOP'S SERVICE.—KING THAMOS.—AN OPERA WRITTEN FOR SCHIKADENER.—A SCRITTURA FOR MUNICH.

TOWARDS the middle of January, 1779, at the end of six months' absence, Mozart returned to Salzburg. He carried with him a sad heart and an empty purse. The time had not been unprofitably spent; travelling had matured both the man and the artist. His heavy losses in Paris, his broken hopes and lost illusions had disciplined his mind and strengthened his character. We have seen him in one of the most trying and critical moments of his life, when his heart was being wrung to anguish, remaining brave and resolute. This victory over himself was gained at the cost of much suffering; for his passion for Fräulein Weber was deep and earnest, and the wound Love had inflicted upon him refused to heal. He left her with a steadfast but dejected heart; and when two years later the faithless Aloysia became the wife of Lange,

the comedian, he wrote thus to his usual confidant, his father: "I know now that I was very foolish, but how can one help being a fool when one is head over ears in love? Alas! I loved her so dearly and even now I feel I am not indifferent to her. It is fortunate that her wildly jealous husband keeps her away from society for thus I seldom have the occasion of seeing her." Happily, his father's affection and his sister's tender solicitude softened the first bitter moments of his home-coming. His little good-humoured bright-faced Augsburg cousin came to see him and the sunshine of her presence had lightened his gloomy seclusion. Finally, work, that best of all consolers, re-invigorated him and dispelled the torpor that was creeping over his spirit.

Several instrumental and sacred compositions were written at this period, amongst others, two grand masses, the first of which is known, though the reason is never given, by the name of "Coronation Mass." It is one of his most familiar works. But his inclination and genius were still attracted by the magnetism of the theatre, and though his chances in that direction, at Salzburg, were scanty, yet, he was so eager to write for the stage, that sooner than bridle his fantasy and quench his spirit, he would have followed the example of the composer of the "Seasons" and the "Creation," and written operas for a puppet-show.

In the first instance, it was for a company of travelling comedians, under the direction of a certain Boehms, that he wrote a chef-d'œuvre: the entr'actes and choruses of "King Thamos," a kind of Egyptian tragedy by Gebler,

now entirely and rightfully forgotten. Unfortunately this heavy and unwieldy machine has buried Mozart's score under the fragments of its ruins. It would be an act worthy of the "Société des Concerts" to rescue this youthful and living work from the grip of its associate, and disentangle it from the rubbish under which it lies.*

Boehms' troup was replaced in 1780 by another nomadic company under the direction of Schikadener, to whom we owe the "Magic Flute." Born at Ratisbon in 1751, and the youngest of twelve children, Schikadener had become, when eight years of age, a waif and a stray. He had traversed Upper and Lower Austria, scraping a tiny violin, and singing popular songs with all the force of his little lungs; these he learnt as he wended his way, or, if necessary, he improvised both the music and the words. He had added a smattering of literature to this non-descript calling, and had acquired a good baritone voice which caused him to be welcomed and received by a company of comedians. As he was exceedingly clever, and possessed keen intelligence and a good deal of self-confidence and tact, he did not fail to exercise an ascendancy over his comrades and finally was constituted their leader.

It was at his instigation and for his benefit that Mozart wrote a little opera, the title of which is now missing, together with the libretto from the pen of Leopold Mozart's intimate friend, Schachtner. From what we can

* The orchestral score of this remarkable work is published by Breitkopf and Haertel of Leipsic. Peters has published a cheap vocal score.

surmise of the plot from the words written under the stave, this work in two acts bears a strong resemblance to the "Entführung aus dem Serail," and it is probably for this reason that Mozart later gave up any idea of having it performed. This likeness is regrettable; for though there is matter for adverse criticism in the second act, the first lays claim to Mozartian perfection. The work, taken altogether, is an interesting one to study. If the inexhaustible productiveness of the maestro exempted him from borrowing ideas from his earlier compositions and even from those irrevocably consigned to obscurity, it is none the less evident that one often finds the prototype in these works of musical thoughts destined later to become famous. Thus, in the above mentioned unknown score, one finds an excellent model of the charming little duet sung by Pamina and Papageno in the "Zauberflöte."

Also this work contains another matter of interest: in it Mozart has made practical use of the ideas conceived by him before going to Mannheim of the part to be played by melodrama in modern opera. "In my opinion," he then wrote, "most of the recitatives might be replaced by a kind of declamation to be sustained by the orchestra; the so-called recitatif to be used only when the words demand real musical expression." This, it may be noticed, is a compromise between French comic-opera and Italian lyric drama, traces of which are to be found solely in the work referred to.*

* It comprises but two melodramas, the rest of the score consists of ten arias, one song with concerted refrain, a duet, a trio and a quartet beautifully adapted to the voice and of excellently varied expression. There is neither overture nor finale,

Such as it is, and in spite of a few blemishes, this composition is worthy of the pen that wrote the "Entführung aus dem Serail" and "Zauberflöte." There is no doubt that the public would have ratified this opinion had the work been performed and had not the order for another opera caused it to be put aside.

Mozart, as we have stated, had left behind him at Munich several devoted friends and partisans. The Elector, though he had hesitated to give him an appointment worthy of his merits, fully appreciated his worth and had an affectionate regard for him. So when the idea of presenting a new work for the carnival of 1781 was mooted in the Bavarian capital, it followed as a matter of course that Mozart was immediately thought of. In order to facilitate the composer an order for a libretto was given to the Abbé Varesco, court chaplain at Salzburg. All the princely ecclesiastics of this period numbered an Italian priest among their entourage whose duties consisted in keeping up a correspondence with Rome, and in supplying the episcopal theatres with rhymed compliments and occasional pieces.

The subject chosen by the two collaborators was the story of Idomeneo, King of Crete, who, returning from the Trojan War, is overtaken by a tempest, and appealing to Neptune for safety imprudently vows to sacrifice to the god the first human being he meets on his home-coming. At the moment of disembarkation he sees with consternation his son arriving to welcome him.

This fable, which bears a strong resemblance to the story of Jephtha, had been often dealt with on the French

stage. Crébillon, who was, I think, the first to use it, wrote in 1705 a tragedy around the theme which, according to Boileau's graphic description, seemed to be written by a Racine in a state of intoxication. Lemierre had taken the same subject for the Comedie Française in 1764. Finally Danchet had written an Idomeneo for the opera in 1712 which had been set to music by Campra. Varesco had translated this into Italian; he had modified some of the details, and altered the final scene by substituting a less sombre and tragical ending. The choice of this piece is characteristic and gives us some insight into Mozart's mind, for, without doubt, he was then planning to condense the tendencies of both French and Italian opera into his work. Quite apart from Gluck's influence, which can be traced in the details of lyrical declamation, the outward appearance of the two styles are distinctly reflected in "Idomeneo." The employment of male sopranos, the unimportance of the bass voice, and the form of some of the numbers bear faithful witness to the traditions of opera seria; while the magnificence of the spectacle, the marches and the ballets, the frequent intermittent choruses betray the opposite influence of French poetry.

But although Mozart was strong enough to cope with so many different and incongruous elements, Varesco was too weak and debilitated for the effort. And also, in spite of his having given the new work the full measure of his genius, we do not consider that the composer of "Idomeneo" has achieved his aim, or that he definitely ended the quarrel which he dreamed of settling between

the antagonistic forms of operatic art. When Varesco's libretto was finished and his own score nearly ready Mozart started for Munich, where he arrived on November 8, 1780. The Archbishop had set aside his usual dislike of giving holidays and had allowed him to use his liberty. At the time of his re-engagement to the Salzburg court it had been expressly stipulated that he should have vacations every other year, in order to arrange the productions of any works he might be called upon to compose. And the relations between the Archbishop Jerome and the Munich Court were of too intimate a nature to allow of his offering any opposition to the wishes of Charles-Theodor. Mozart went away content and happy to shake off the yoke of servitude.

But here it is necessary to tarry awhile over certain important details and to study "Idomeneo" a little more closely.

CHAPTER XVII.

"IDOMENEO, RE DI CRETA."

ON his arrival at Munich the maestro was received with open arms by all the old Mannheim friends who had followed their sovereign to the Bavarian capital: such a strong current of sympathy was established between themselves and him that as Mozart said: "If I hold my Mannheim friends in great affection, in return I am adored by them." He was as happy as a child meeting again with his Parisian comrades: Ramm and Wendling, and the hospitable Cannabich family. This latter consisted of the father, excellent and devoted, Frau Cannabich, who bestowed an altogether maternal affection on our hero, and his old pupil, Fräulein Rosa, now a tall young girl of sixteen, whose cold style of beauty made no impression on his usually imflammable nature. The woman who might have disturbed his peace of mind had gone with her parents to Vienna, where she

was engaged as second prima donna at the Imperial Opera. She still no doubt occupied a place in his thoughts; but if her memory brought him intermittent suffering he possessed the necessary strength of mind to conquer and silence any complaint and only once does he mention her in the letters addressed to his father. Also there was no time to be lost. He had to finish "Idomeneo," orchestrate the score, correct the copies, and superintend the rehearsals. In order to devote himself without intermission to his work Mozart shut himself up in a hotel in the Burggasse. In memory of his sojourn in this now historical house, the Munich authorities affixed thereon a plate commemorating the honour of the visit.

The composer could feel perfectly secure as to the merits of his orchestra; as we have already mentioned Charles-Theodor's instrumentalists feared no rivals, but the company of singers caused him a good deal of anxiety. The female parts were given to the two sisters with whom we are already acquainted, Dorothea and Elisabeth Wendling. The secondary rôle of Arbaces, the King's confident, was taken by the bass, Panzacchi, and that of Neptune's high priest, which was still less important, by Valesi. The two principal parts, those of Idomeneo and Idamante, his son, had been set apart for Raaff and the soprano, del Prato. The management erred especially in the allotting of these latter characters. It was true that Raaff could boast of an European reputation and of a tenor voice which in bygone times was exceptionally fine and mellow; but though he might have been ac-

claimed as an eminent virtuoso there could be no doubt that he was an execrable actor.* For a part consisting entirely of action, full of stage effects and dramatic outbursts, this want of histrionic talent was regrettable. Unfortunately this was not all. Raaff was then sixty-seven years of age, and it is hardly necessary to add, he possessed only the remains of his fine organ, and neither his talent nor his technique could disguise its weakness and decrepitude. If Raaff was too old del Prato was not sufficiently mature. This young soprano was absolutely and entirely unmusical. "His voice would be passable," wrote Mozart, "if he did not persist in bringing it from the depths of his throat; as to his method it is not worth a kreutzer." And indeed he possessed so little that he would sometimes lose his breath in the middle of a song and stop short like a jibbing horse. "It is pitiful," the poor maestro would exclaim, "the wretch is positively ignorant; I am obliged to din his part into him from the first note to the last; the chorus children who apply to be admitted into the Elector's chapel are more proficient than he is."

Notwithstanding his fears and annoyances Mozart did not lose courage. Neither was he dejected at his work, but showed himself ever indefatigable, altering and touching up his productions, finding out his own weak places, and never tiring of asking for improvements from Varesco who on his part vindicated his hemistichs line by line. Not only was the poet rendered unreasonable by vanity

* "Un tedesco nominato Raaff," said Metastasio, "eccelentissimo cantore, ma freddissimo rappresantante."

but also by self-interest: he knew that he would not get even an extra thaler for any supplementary work and that his time thus employed was being merely used for the composer's future gratification. It was a hard tussle for poor Mozart; Varesco only yielded in his own defence, and sent the modifications at the last moment when menaced by Raaff, who threatened to substitute for his rhymes some suitable verses which the wily singer had discovered in Metastasio's works.

As to Leopold Mozart, he was watching his son's efforts with keen interest from Salzburg and did not weary of lavishing his advice. "Do not write exclusively for connoisseurs," he would tell him; "you know they are few in number and if you are desirous of success it is important that you do not hold popular taste in disdain and that you make certain concessions to the long-eared tribe." And Wolfgang would pen a tactful reply, assuring his father that he wished his music to be understood by all the world, but all the same he could forego unregretfully the approval of ignoramuses and asses.

Meanwhile the orchestral rehearsals commenced, and the first act was received with enthusiasm, the news of which penetrated as far as Salzburg. The greatness of its success occasioned fears for the good fortune of the rest of the work. It is an old custom to stultify a later work by referring to its predecessors, and to overthrow one new-born with the aid of those already in possession of public favour. Happily the second act rehearsed a few days later reassured the pessimists.

The Elector, who was attending the repetitions with an

interest that boded well for the future, unhesitatingly declared that the work was magnificent. "I would never have credited," he exclaimed, with just a touch of naïveté, "such a little head with the possession of such grand and imposing ideas." Finally, the third act was unanimously voted superior to the others, and the full rehearsals were begun under most happy auspices. Meanwhile Mozart was writing the ballet music which had been ordered with a nimble pen, and his Salzburg friends, who were one and all desirous of assisting at his triumph, were gaily getting ready their gala suits and engaging their seats in the Munich stagecoach.

Foremost amongst the little party came, of course, the father and sister of the composer. Poor Marianne was in great need of a change and distraction. In consequence of a disappointed love affair, her health had been seriously affected and it was feared that chest troubles might ensue. Wolfgang had been suffering from an obstinate cold and his father was also anxious on his account. Leopold Mozart himself was in the best of health, but in order to be present at a function in which he was so closely interested he was obliged to have recourse to a stratagem worthy of a schoolboy. He knew that not only would the Archbishop refuse him leave of absence, but that he would do so in a most firm and peremptory manner. So this usually austere and serious person, who had just passed his sixty-second birthday, resolved to play truant; he patiently awaited the departure of the prelate and part of his Court for Vienna, and then noiselessly decamped. He arrived in time for the full-dress rehearsal and on the

following day, January 29, 1781, he had the happiness of assisting at the first performance of "Idomeneo re di Creta."

No details have reached us of this memorable evening. Owing to his family being in Munich there is necessarily a gap in Mozart's correspondence. Neither can the blank be filled up by the newspapers of the day for they did not supply their readers with any information on musical matters. The event was well worth a report, but the following is all that was said by the local journal: "The first performance of 'Idomeneo' took place on January 29, at the new theatre. The libretto, the music and the German translation were written by three inhabitants of Salzburg.* The scenes included a view of a seaport and a temple of Neptune, and were painted by the celebrated architect of the theatre and adviser to the Court, M. Laurent Quaglio. They were universally admired." It will be remarked, as usual, the music passed unnoticed.

It is, however, certain that "Idomeneo" met with the success which its rehearsals had betokened. Also it was not for want of interest that Mozart allowed his work to fall into oblivion. When later he was established in Vienna he had thoughts of resuscitating it. He had determined to revise and remodel certain parts of it; he very especially intended to substitute a tenor for a soprano in the *rôle* of Idamante, and to give that of Idomeneo to a baritone instead of a tenor. But unfortunately the pro-

* Schachtner had been deputed to make a German translation written simply to help those of the spectators who did not understand Italian, to follow the course of the plot.

Mozart and His Wife, Constance (née Weber), with facsimile autographs.

ject was abandoned and the alterations were simply limited to a few unimportant touches, made for the benefit of a company of amateurs, who had undertaken to mount the work in Prince Auersperg's reception rooms, in Vienna.

Such as it is, in spite of so many superb pages and passages of real beauty, it is doubtful whether now-a-days the score would obtain a reception worthy of the great name of Mozart. It would be necessary, in order to reconcile it to our modern ideas and taste, to find an expert who would undertake, skilfully and reverently, to make certain cuts and to interpolate a few numbers borrowed from works composed by the maestro at the same period and in the same style. And it would be an excellent opportunity for our purists to write letters to the papers on the subject of profanity and sacrilegiousness. The manuscript of "Idomeneo" was sold by Mozart's widow to André, the editor of Offenbach. It is now in the Berlin library. The orchestral score was engraved at Simrock's in Bonn and at Frey's in Paris. The ballet, which comprises a chaconne, a pas seul, a passepied, a gavotte and a passecaille, is still unpublished.*

After the successful performance of his work, Mozart was able to give himself a few days holiday; he also joined in the fun of the carnaval. The absence of the Archbishop enabled him to prolong his vacation beyond the anticipated limit. He availed himself of his freedom to write a quartet in honour of his friend Ramm, for oboe,

* Besides the overture and the ballet the score of "Idomeneo" comprises 16 arias, a duet, of which two versions are in existence, a trio, a quartet, three marches and six choruses.

violin, alto and violoncello, and a fine aria for Gräfin Baumgarten who was known to have great influence with the Elector and to use it on behalf of her protégé. Whilst he was in the midst of these occupations an order came from Vienna for him to rejoin the Archbishop's court. The prelate, as we have already mentioned, had taken the greater part of his entourage and most of his best musicians with him; he was not free from vanity and was anxious to cut a fine figure at the Emperor's court; and just at that moment the extra renown associated with the name of the conductor of his orchestra made him desirous of approximating a little of the fame.

Mozart therefore left Munich on March 12 and went direct to Vienna arriving there on the morning of the 16th. He did not realise how near he was to the hour of his deliverance and that he was on the point of freeing himself from the weary burden that for so long had pressed heavily on his shoulders.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOZART IN VIENNA.—A PRELATE'S MALEVOLENCE.—MOZART RESIGNS HIS APPOINTMENT.—AN UNWARRANTED INSULT.

THE Archbishop of Salzburg had taken up his quarters in the centre of the town, close to the cathedral of St. Stephen, in a street bearing a propitious name for musicians: the rue des Chanteurs. A certain number of his attendants were lodged in some of the neighbouring houses, but a room had been reserved for Mozart under the prelate's own roof. This mark of favour had at first surprised and pleased the composer. "What an honour," he had exclaimed; "*che distinzione!*" He had not noticed the barb beneath the bait; neither had he guessed that the Archbishop wanted him close at hand in order to humble him, and to exert the full force of his authority over him at his own leisure. The prelate was just then in an exceedingly ill-tempered mood. The philosopher-emperor Joseph II. was not fond of ecclesi-

astics; he had received him coldly and had wounded him mortally by neglecting to invite him to the royal residence of Lauenburg. The adherents of his court had naturally followed the example of their sovereign.

The archbishop's domineering character was not calculated to gain him sympathy and liking, and the Viennese nobles kept him at a distance by reason of his provincial stiffness and arrogant self-sufficiency which were singularly out of place at a court noted for the amiable and affable manners of its members. So for these reasons a tempest was brewing of which Mozart was fated to bear the brunt. The archbishop, as we have already stated, entertained a strong dislike to him; he had never forgiven his abrupt departure and had taken him back to his service only to satisfy the demands of his entourage. And this was not the only grievance. Though singularly modest, Mozart, nevertheless, venerated his art and was justly proud of his genius. He had also a keen regard for his own personal dignity; this self-esteem had been fostered and developed during his sojourn in Paris by his intercourse with those in whom the revolutionary spirit was already astir.

The appointment which he held at the Salzburg court kept him in a subordinate and humiliating position; it was, according to the ideas of that period, one of dependence and servitude. Under the rule of a tactful sovereign such conditions would not be galling, for to take delight in an undue power of subjection is only characteristic of mean and unrefined natures. The archbishop rarely missed a chance of using his authority. At Salzburg,

where Mozart had lived in his own home and had frequented the court only when in the discharge of his duties, occasions for reminding him of his subordinate position had been few and far between. But in Vienna opportunities were more frequent. From the very first day the proud and vindictive prelate resolved to bring him into contempt. Whilst his secretary and keeper of the records were provided with a private apartment wherein to take their meals under the presidency of Count Arco, son of the Lord Chamberlain, the poor composer was relegated without ceremony to the kitchen, there to take his meals with the servants. "At half past eleven," he writes, "we sit down to dinner. At the table are seated, his eminence's two footmen, the procurator, the pastry cook, two men cooks and your humble servant. *Nota bene:* the footmen occupy the seats of honour, I take precedence of the cooks."

This first act of discourtesy was not altogether successful; Mozart, perhaps possessed a certain amount of pride but he was altogether destitute of vanity. He disliked the proximity of vulgar companions, and the coarse jokes with which the conversation at dinner was garnished were extremely distasteful to him, but he endured it all in silence and did not complain. A second attempt was equally unsucessful. The Russian ambassador, Prince Galitzin had expressed a wish to hear Mozart play. The archbishop insisted on his conductor following him wherever he went; he would order him to come to his father, Count Colloredo, to the house of his brother-in-law, Count Palf, and he never failed to parade him on every possible

occasion. He now ordered him to be in readiness to appear at the house of Prince Galitzin and in order to demonstrate the distance which intervened between a wretched inferior and his noble self he told the servants to show Mozart in through the back door and to conduct him to the orchestral platform. But Wolfgang managed to evade this humiliation. He proudly waived the stupefied flunkeys aside, walked up to his host to whom he introduced himself with perfect ease, and then set himself to accomplish the duties assigned to him. Thus for a second time the attack had failed.

Just then great festivities were being organised in Vienna; the long period of mourning for Maria-Theresa had expired, and entertainments seemed all the more alluring for having been so long forbidden. It was a question everywhere of parties, receptions and concerts. Mozart, who was longing for a chance of playing before the emperor, found himself obliged to refuse endless invitations. He wept tears of bitter disappointment at the thought of having to quit Vienna without having improved either his reputation or his future. And the archbishop was aware of this and was laughing in his sleeve. The organisers of a concert to be given for the benefit of the widows and orphans of musicians had asked Mozart to lend his services for the cause. He was pleased to offer his aid but he referred the managers of the concert to his prince; he had no doubts of receiving the requisite permission for as the entertainment was in aid of charity he could not expect any remuneration. The prelate, however, declined pointblank; but his refusal caused such an out-

break of indignation that he was unable to maintain his decision. Though vexed and enraged, he was obliged to give his consent; at the same time he placed this new defeat to the account against his unfortunate conductor, vowing to revenge himself on some future occasion.

Meanwhile the days slipped by one by one and preparations for departure began. The prince's attendants were under orders to hold themselves in readiness, and two or three times false alarms were given. Destiny, however, had decreed that Mozart was never to return to Salzburg. Only once more were the bonds of slavery to be tightened beyond endurance.

The archbishop, at a loss for any further device, bethought himself that after all a musician was merely a menial to be summoned when needed. He therefore intimated to the composer that he was to present himself every morning in his antechamber and there await his orders. To this outrageous proposition Mozart turned a deaf ear. He came readily whenever he was summoned; but he was resolved to withstand being relegated to the ranks of the lackeys. Though his resistance was perfectly respectful it had not the effect of diverting the prelate from his whim; it only confirmed and strengthened his insistence. He renewed his order in a more pressing manner and in a tone of greater severity. Mozart remained obdurate. He returned to the charge threatening to stop the allowance of such an insubordinate servant. His endeavours were fruitless. Then beside himself with rage, unmindful of his sacred office and his princely dignity, he treated the poor composer to a perfect vocabulary of rude and in-

jurious insults. He called him a scoundrel, a downright ass, a blockhead, a blackguard, and pointing to the door with a look of fury, he swore he would not keep such a rogue a moment longer in his service. Hearing these words Mozart, who had remained perfectly cool and calm, lifted his head and answered firmly that "since his eminence considered it advisable to give him his freedom he was only too happy to regain it." With those words he walked proudly out of the room and retired to his own apartment to write at once a clear account of what had happened to his father. He realised that the letter would carry pain and vexation along with it. He knew how Leopold Mozart dreaded the future and how much importance he attached to his son's meagre allowance from the Salzburg court. He tried to represent to his father that there was no need to reproach him, for he was not at fault in the matter, and he tried to make him understand that in spite of his detestation of the humiliating bondage he had resolved on account of his filial affection to bear his chains resignedly; on the other hand he dwelt upon the fact of Vienna being a city rich in resources to anyone possessed of talent. He had entirely gained public favour: his success at the charity concert had been so great that everyone was urging him to give one on his own account, and the Viennese ladies had guaranteed a sum of a thousand thalers. Though the fee for his lessons was now raised to the expensive price of six ducats for twelve, he still had a great number of pupils. Finally, as a concluding argument, and so as to clearly demonstrate to his father that he did not deal only in fine words,

he announced that he would be soon sending him a present of some thirty ducats.

Unfortunately Leopold Mozart was ageing rapidly. The clearheadedness of which he had formerly given so many proofs was getting obscured with advancing years, and hypocondriasis from which he had been suffering for some time had weakened the strength of his character. The unexpected news of the relinquished appointment affected him very severely; he lost the small amount of presence of mind left him and imagined his son's future to be in jeopardy unless he could induce him to return to the path of obedience. This time Wolfgang rebelled. He had always readily submitted to paternal authority, but he now steadily refused to allow a line of conduct to be imposed upon him which he considered incompatible with his honour and his self-interest. And now the irritated archbishop, in a spirit of contradiction usual to violent dispositions, was grieving for the loss of his butt and anxious to keep the servant whom he had discharged in such a brutal manner. He had given orders to Count Arco to refuse to receive Mozart's written resignation under the special pretext that a young man of his age—Mozart was twenty-six—could not come to any serious determination without parental authorisation, and he flattered himself that Leopold Mozart would induce his son to make a humble apology.

Mozart felt himself backed up by his friends and by his own rightful resentment. He held firmly to his resolution and persevered in his demands for the official discharge which was persistently denied him. And all the

while little calumnious accusations were being craftily disseminated around him, and the poor father who was fast becoming over credulous was continually being worried by appalling accounts of the supposed scandalous behaviour of his son. It was said that forgetful of the duties of his religion he was compromising himself with women of doubtful character and eating meat without compunction on days of abstinence. To these accusations Wolfgang replied as best he could. Knowing full well who was the author of all this evil gossip he was not afraid of expressing his thoughts on the subject of lying prelates. He had no longer any need to weigh his words and his freedom of speech struck fear to the heart of Leopold Mozart; the anxious father knew that his son's letters were opened at the Salzburg post office and that the archbishop's spies kept him daily posted up as to their contents.

All at once on June 12, 1781, an unaccustomed bustle and stir was noticed in the house of the rue des Chanteurs. It was clear that the hour of departure, so often announced, had at last struck. Mozart realised that it was necessary at all costs to get his resignation officially recognised and so he resolved to present himself in person to the archbishop and to hand him the papers which he had been carrying about in his pocket for the last four weeks. He found Count Arco, who had been apprized of his visit awaiting him in the antechamber surrounded by all his footmen. This man, according to Mozart's testimony, had received his instructions beforehand and was but the docile instrument of his superior; in any case the servant

was worthy of his master. Count Arco began by recapitulating the chaplet of oaths and insults which was apparently common property at the Salzburg court. Finding infamous language unavailing, he snatched from the composer's hands the paper with which he was nervously fidgetting; then suddenly remembering the premeditated treatment, and before Mozart had time to defend himself, he seized hold of his collar and with a violence worthy of a coalheaver and altogether discreditable to a gentleman he kicked him out of the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

MOZART MEETS AGAIN WITH OLD FRIENDS.—A CONQUEST.—MUSICAL EDITORS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—THEATRE MANAGERS.—JOSEPH II., VIRTUOSO AND COMPOSER.—CONTEST BETWEEN TWO PIANISTS.—MOZART'S OPINION OF CLEMENTI.—THE ADVANTAGES OF VICTORY.

THE spell of old associations had caused Mozart on his arrival in Vienna, to look up his old friends. When he left the archbishop's service some of these offered him hospitality. He established himself in a little lodging with the Weber family in *dem Auge Gottes* Peterplatze, No. 11. The old copyist had died of apoplexy at his new residence and Aloysia married to Lange the comedian had altogether deserted her old home. The once large household now only consisted of the mother, the eldest daughter, Josepha, the youngest, Sophia, and Constance who in age followed Aloysia and was then about seventeen. Leopold Mozart was exceedingly vexed when he heard of his son's abode. He dreaded another

love affair and later his anticipations as we shall soon see were justified. He at first insisted that Wolfgang should leave this too seductive atmosphere and pitch his tent among sedate people of good standing. A home was ready for him with Mesiner, one of his old and faithful friends of whom he was especially fond. But the composer Righini lodged close by and Mozart was reluctant to come in contact with a rival. Another house opened its doors to him, that of Aurnhammer, whose daughter was one of the most celebrated pianists in Vienna. As Mozart gave her free advice and lessons he could have accepted without scruple the advantages which were offered to him. And he was on the point of acquiescing when he made the timely discovery that Fräulein Josephine was hopelessly in love with him.

This young woman weighed over fourteen stone and was more renowned for her size than her beauty. "If an artist," writes Mozart, "wanted to paint a likeness of the devil he could not find a better model: She is a monster!" In spite of this unflattering opinion the sentimental young woman did not disguise her passion; her frequent sighs might have capsized a man of war; they had the effect of driving Mozart out of the house, and for fear of ridicule he was forced to decline the proposed hospitality. Besides, just then grave anxieties were pressing on him, and the weight of practical matters would not have permitted him to soar into the ideal regions into which Fräulein Josephine would fain have allured him. His resources consisted merely of twelve monthly ducats, the

price of lessons given to his only pupil, the Gräfin Rumbeck.* He had lost his appointment at the Salzburg court in the middle of summer, a most unfavourable time, when the rich pupils, upon whom he counted for lessons, had all left town. Also, on account of this exodus of the chief aristocratic families, concerts were at a discount and the prices of his compositions were too little to be of any material help.

At this period the music trade in Germany had not the importance and extension which it was destined to acquire after the death of Mozart by the sale of his works. Very little music was published, and transcribed copies had a larger circulation than printed music. The price of the first examplars were, in reality, an author's only profit, when the work was in full circulation he derived no further gain, and the greater its success the less income to be made from it. Copies disseminated themselves with wonderful rapidity, editors advertised their sale in the newspapers, and it never occurred to them to reserve even the smallest fee for the composer. And all this was done openly and without the least scruple. The piracy of literature and art was considered to be quite a legitimate business. If a tradesman came across a piece of music to his liking he took possession of it and published it without any regard for its composer. When the "Entführung aus dem Serail" had been performed with success, a Viennese editor, Toricella, had the delicacy to ask Mozart for an arrangement of the opera for piano and voice. The pros-

* The Hungarian or Kremnitz ducat was worth ten shillings and twopence.

pect of a few extra thalers was not unpleasing and Mozart set himself to work. Before his task was completed he discovered that he was only wasting his time. Others had been more prompt; two editions of the score appeared simultaneously in Augsburg and Mainz, and Toricella deemed it wise to withdraw his from circulation. In order to contend with this traffic, an author had to publish his work by subscription, which means that when he had found a sufficient number of amateurs willing to advance the expenses he published it on his own account and thus reaped the benefits of the first edition.

Such were the manners and customs of musical editors and also of theatre managers. In Germany, as in Italy, an agreement was made beforehand between the impresario who was willing to present a new work and the composer. The given sum was generally one hundred ducats.* Sometimes the profits of a benefit performance were added to these fees and then the transaction was terminated, or at any rate, the sources from which the money flowed were dried up for the unfortunate musician. The work then became the property of the public and could be performed without any preliminary leave or license, without payment of commission, in a word, without any expenses than those of the copyist. If one sums up the consequences of these extraordinary customs, one sees plainly the reason why composers and artists, finding it impossible to place themselves under legal protection, availed themselves right willingly of the patronage of

* This price was paid to Mozart for most of his scores. For "Don Giovanni" he received 225 florins.

princes and sovereigns. And these same reasons caused Mozart to fix his hopes upon the emperor whose artistic and cultured tastes were well known to him.

Joseph II., like all the other children of Maria-Theresa, had received an excellent and thorough musical education; he was not only an admirable reader, but also a masterly performer on the violoncello and the harpsichord; he possessed a very good baritone voice which had been developed according to the methods and principles of the Italian school and which he used with refinement and taste. He knew how to turn this talent into account and he would occasionally compose pieces expressly for his own use. It is related that having interpolated some of his own arias into an Italian opera he had them performed on the little stage of the Schoenbrum theatre. Turning round suddenly and addressing Mozart he asked him what he thought of the song. Mozart, who had discovered the artifice and recognised the emperor's style, made the following tactful answer: "Your Majesty, the aria is praiseworthy but its composer is beyond all praise."

A short concert was arranged every day for Joseph. He dined alone in the music room, despatched his meal in a quarter of an hour, and then the entertainment began immediately and lasted about an hour, after which the emperor would pass the rest of the evening at the theatre. The programmes of these little private concerts were very varied. They usually opened with a quartet followed by selections from new operas and oratorios; very often the royal amateur would seat himself at the harpsichord and take part in concerted music with the ease and assurance of

a consummate musician. His taste, though, was somewhat singular. He only cared for instrumental music which comprised a good deal of contrapuntal writing, and academic pieces composed according to strict rules of counterpoint. The quartets of Haydn and Mozart, and those of Pleyel and Kozeluch, both of which followed faithfully in the footsteps of the former great pioneers, were rigorously excluded and their place taken by smaller composers now-a-days rightfully forgotten. On the other hand, as regards vocal music, he attached no value to any other but the Italian school. These somewhat opposite opinions could be traced alternately to the influence of Salieri "the emperor's idol" with whom we will make acquaintance later, and to that of Strack, his favourite valet. This important personage who was called "Joseph's shadow," had the ear of the emperor in everything concerning chamber-music. Whosoever cherished the ambition of gaining the goodwill of the master was obliged first to win the esteem of the servant. And this Mozart knew full well. Also he endeavoured, with even more of his usual tact and diplomacy, to obtain the favour of this potentate of the comb and brush. He composed a serenade for Herr Strack and had it expressly performed for him so as to acquaint him with his music. These little attentions were appreciated and the powerful valet deigned, it seems, to express his satisfaction. This was a help in the right direction; Mozart was received at court and permitted to bring his compositions. In spite of his pretentions and his exclusive tastes Joseph II. was too well educated and intelligent not to be able to recognise the merit of our hero.

He learnt to appreciate his fine qualities, wrote a brilliant eulogium of them, and summed up his opinion in these few words which he pronounced in French: "C'est un talent décidé." Clementi happening to pass through Vienna in December, the somewhat original idea occurred to the monarch of bringing the two virtuosi together in a kind of artistic tournament. Clementi started with a sonata of his own composition.* Mozart followed with some variations. Some manuscript sonatas of Paisiello were then placed on the desk: Mozart played the first part, Clementi the second. From one of these compositions a theme was taken which was improvised upon in turn by the two virtuosi.

This meeting with Clementi gave Mozart the occasion for making some rather pointed remarks upon the talent of the composer "Clementi," he writes to his father, "is a valiant pianist and that is all one can say. He plays with perfection when the executive passages are for the right hand. He is especially good in scale playing in thirds. His taste is not worth a kreutzer. He is merely a mechanical player." And later writing to his sister he completes his criticisms: "Clementi is a *ciarlatano*, like all Italians. He writes presto prestissimo and alla breve on a sonata and then plays it allegro in common time. As I

* It was the second number of Op. 6. The fact is not without interest that the allegro in B flat of this sonata commences with a phrase which Mozart took for the principal theme of his "Zauberflöte" overture. To avoid the accusation of plagiarism, or in order to claim the right of priority, Clementi added the following notice to the new edition of his work: "this sonata, and the toccata following it, were played by the composer before H.I.M. Joseph II., in 1781, Mozart being present."

have heard him I can vouch for the truth of this." It must be conceded, however, in extenuation of the severity of these remarks, that according to Clementi's own avowal his style of playing was not fully matured at the time when he underwent this trial. Later, as he expressly stated, he applied himself to gaining expression. He acquired this rare and precious gift he said by closely studying the great singers of his period. But there is no doubt that in this duel, played with arms of courtesy, Mozart was the victor. Such was the emperor's opinion; he expressed it openly; and accompanied it with a present of fifty ducats which greatly benefited Mozart. This little victory proved of further advantage to him: it gained him the attention and interest of Joseph, who was endeavouring at that moment, after the example of other royalties, to found a German lyrical drama by the side of French and Italian opera. He therefore lent a willing ear to the propositions of Graf Rosemberg, director of the Imperial theatres, who had set great value on our composer's talent and had planned to obtain his works for the Viennese stage.

Mozart, feeling sure of Joseph's support, began to search for a libretto. Count Rosemberg had placed him in communication with Schroeder the comedian. It was at the house of a comrade of this artist, the younger Stephanie, that he found what he wanted. The subject proposed by the librettist was an old piece by Bietzner remodelled for the occasion and entitled "Entführung aus dem Serail."

CHAPTER XX.

THE ORIGIN OF GERMAN OPERETTA.—GOETHE AS LIBRETTIST.—A GERMAN COMPANY AT THE VIENNA OPERA-HOUSE.—A BUSY COMPOSER.—"ENTFUHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL."

IN 1782, after nearly two centuries of uninterrupted production, Italy, younger and more prolific than ever, was heaping up comic operas on to grand operas with unexampled prodigality; for the second time France had undergone a musical revolution, which had completely transformed the laws of lyric drama, and out of which she had issued triumphant; whilst the classic land of instrumental melody, Germany, was still feeling her way in the matter of operatic art and discussing the possibility of creating a style of her own. In the course of this narrative we noticed the efforts made in this direction at Mannheim and Munich. Tentative essays were made in other places but without any decided or lasting

results. The prejudice raised by Rousseau and his school against the French language was felt equally for that of Goethe and Schiller. It was said that German words could not be allied to music and that its harsh ruggedness rent and lacerated the woof of musical texture. To this day there are persons who judge the beauty of a language by their own aptitude for its pronunciation; they relegate ruthlessly to barbarism all that is outside their own limits and horizon, and remorselessly disparage a language of which they often know little beyond its elementary beginnings. Owing to this graceless theory Germany possessed neither singers or dramatic composers; or rather she could not keep them at home. All that she had of the best in this way was scattered about in France and Italy, and directly one of her musicians felt himself drawn towards the stage he would turn to the poems of either Metastasio or Apostolo Zeno. Händel, Hasse and Gluck—taking only three of the most illustrious of their composers—have never written as much as one act to German words. But though Italian opera reigned supreme in the German courts and sufficed for the delectation of the wealthy it was necessary to provide theatrical music for the tastes of the public; a less delicate ingredient perhaps, but one more easy of digestion. Thus the *Singspiel* or operetta was called into being.

In 1752, the year of the arrival of the Italian comic opera in France, a little musical comedy was being played at Leipzig entitled "Der Teufel ist Los." It was an imitation of an English farce called "Devil to Pay," which

had the signal honour of paving the way for the "Entführung aus dem Serail" and "Der Freischütz."*

This first experiment, which was favourably received, was followed by a whole series of little pieces modelled on the pattern of intermezzi and French comic operas. The greater number were borrowed from the French repertory and adapted for the Germans by Adam Hiller. Such were: "The Joyous Cobbler," "Lisouart and Dariolette," "Charlotte at the Court" (imitation of "Ninette à la Cour"), "Love in a Village" (after "Annette et Lubin et la Clochette") and some fifty others, which were performed all over Germany. A body of singers trained for the execution of this new repertory was sadly needed. Comedians profited by this want of special interpreters; and artists without voice or musical talent, capable merely of humming a few couplets, would after a sufficiently strong libation bravely extemporize as singers. In spite of these drawbacks operettas promptly became the vogue. As proof of the rapid popularity of the new creation it is sufficient to note that besides the works of Grétry, Monsigny, Philidor and Duni which were also translated, one can count between 1763 and 1785, eight operettas of Bender, ten by Stigmann, the same number by Neefe, thirteen by Hiller and Holly, sixteen by Schweitzer, eighteen by Wolf and twenty-two by André.

This extraordinary favour necessarily damaged the chances of literary pieces. The seductions of music caused drama and comedy to be deserted by the public,

* Devil to Pay is analogous to "le Diable à quatre" of Sedaine drawn from the same English source.

and artists abandoned their former studies without regret or remorse in favour of a mode which was easier to learn and for which they received greater remuneration. And the majority of the literary folk ceased not to anathematise the bad taste of the populace which was sending German art to destruction, while others, wiser in their generation, instead of combating the movement, tried to lay hands upon it and to purify and transform it. It is well known that Goethe was amongst these last. The hand that wrote Faust did not disdain to sketch the libretti of comic operas: these were "Erwin and Elmire," "Claudine and Villabella," "Guile and Vengeance" and lastly "Jery and Boetely," a little work set to music by Christopher Kayser, and which served Scribe for the subject and plot of the "Châlet."

The time was quickly passing and the hour was at hand when Adam Hiller's rude outline was to be transformed by the hand of a genius into a work of art. Since 1777 Vienna had taken very little part in the national movement, but at the period of which we are writing the Viennese had acquired the direction of musical affairs and were controlling them with energy and vigour. Joseph II. had taken the *Singspiel* under his protection and had appointed a thoroughly good company of singers belonging to the Italian school, but all individually of German extraction. Foremost among them was the famous Madame Cavalieri; she was the daughter of a poor schoolmaster of Währing. This gifted bravura singer was a credit to her teacher, Salieri. Next to her in merit came Marianna Schindler, the first wife of Lange,

the comedian, Aloysia Weber, her successor at the theatre and at the domestic hearth, Theresa Teyber, a *seconda donna* of great excellence, and Frau Fischer, a clever actress and distinguished singer. I purposely leave out the name of the Bernasconi whose talent was in no way suited to lyric tragedy and who was besides singularly displeasing to Mozart. "She is engaged," he wrote, "for 300 ducats and she gets this fee for singing everything a whole tone too high. Also she has the rare merit of never wavering and of remaining in the key she has chosen. She forces herself to sing a semitone higher if the management consent to augment her fees in proportion." As regards the men, we would mention in the first rank Adamberger, one of the best tenors of his time, and Fischer, the bass, who possessed a voice of powerful and extensive compass, which exceptional gifts were supplemented by an altogether remarkable talent; finally to make our list as complete as possible we would name the baritone, Saal, and two tenors: Souter and Dauer. Unfortunately this strong company were without any repertory. Whilst in the north of Germany composers were seeking for interpreters, in the south artists were on the look-out for writers of music. Not that Vienna was in want of composers. There were many illustrious ones by whose side Hiller, Bender and others cut a sorry figure; but for this or that reason none of them were exactly suited to the work in view. Gluck was too old and altogether too much of a Frenchman, Salieri too Italian, Haydn, though he had tried his hand several times at opera, did not accord with scenery and the stage. Neither

would the North and South condescend to make up for each other's deficiencies. The Italian sensuality of the Viennese fitted in badly with their fellow countrymen's Teutonic stiffness. Adamberger defined this incompatibility of temperament in a graphic sentence. He was urged to give his opinion of a Berlin singer. "What did you think of her voice?" he was asked. "She sings well," he replied, "but according to the Lutheran profession of faith."*

For the above-mentioned reasons the German theatres in Vienna were given over to second-rate composers, such as Umlauf, Ulbrick and Ordennez. It is true that Salieri, to please the emperor, had tried to write for the *Singspiel*, but after the failure of his "Schornsteinfeger" he had not renewed the experiment. Gluck had limited his essay to that of his "Die Pilgrimme von Mekka," which had been originally adapted to a French libretto of Lesage and Orneval. There remained only translations of works by Grétry, Monsigny and Gossec which were generally interlarded with pieces written by the theatre composers of the day.

Circumstances were thus extremely propitious for Mozart and everything was in readiness for him. The success of "Entführung aus dem Serail" had gained him an unopposed and paramount position in the domain of national opera. And he began his work with feverish alacrity. He received the libretto on July 29 and promises had been made him to produce the piece on Sep-

* "Sie singt lutherisch."

tember 15. It was to be performed on the occasion of the festivities in honour of the visit of the Russian Grand Duke. The thought of having to compose three acts in three weeks did not frighten Mozart. "The opportunity is such a splendid one," he wrote, "and it has kindled my imagination. I sit at my desk with an unparelleled zest for writing and I compose for as long a time as I possibly can."

This stress of work did not prevent him from attending to his every-day occupations or from giving his lessons, which latterly had been more plentiful and were bringing him a sufficient income. He made the following time table as an excuse for the brevity of his letters: "At six o'clock my barber enters my room and calls me; by seven I am shaved, curled and dressed; I compose until nine and then give lessons until one, when I dine alone, unless I am invited to any big house, in which case I would not eat my meal until two or three o'clock. If this happens I resume work towards five or six in the evening, provided I am not retained by a concert. If I have an evening engagement I begin composing on my return home, and I sit up until 1 a.m., which does not prevent me from getting up at my accustomed hour."

In the meantime the news reached Vienna that the Grand Duke's visit was postponed until November, and Mozart was able to moderate his activity. He made use of the extra time to ask his librettist for certain modifications which he judged indispensable to the text, and the poem was considerably re-modelled. Mozart was in despair over Stephanie's slowness and was regretting

having proposed the alterations, when he heard that existing arrangements were again changed and that the emperor wished to honour his princely guest with a performance of Gluck's Italian "Alceste" and "Iphigenia en Tauride" translated into German.

Owing to these delays the "Entführung aus dem Serail" was not staged until July 12, 1782. Even then it would not have been publicly performed had it not been for the special command of the emperor, whose supreme authority had dispersed the cabal which had been formed against the composer and his work. Its success was entirely unexpected. "The 'Entführung aus dem Serail,'" said a contemporary journal, "is a most beautiful work; it has exceeded the expectations of connoisseurs. Everyone was delighted with the originality of the ideas and the excellence of the music; it was a brilliant triumph." But the applause was not confined to the Viennese. In less than two years the new opera had toured round Germany. Prague had always shown a marked predilection for Mozart's works; it was one of the first towns to welcome and extol the "Entführung." "I was not able to judge personally of the sensation occasioned by the *chef d'œuvre* in Vienna," said Niemetschek, "but I was a witness of its enthusiastic reception at the Prague theatre. It was admirable and one was lost in wonder over the strange harmonies and hitherto unknown originality of instrumentation. It seemed as if all that had preceded this work had no claim to be called music."

The popularity of the opera was so great that even the

smallest towns were desirous of hearing it. Apropos of this, Philip Hasenbuth, the comedian, relates a lively little anecdote. In 1783, the manager of the little theatre of Bade, near Vienna, resolved to perform the "Entführung" with his company of comedians, aided by a scratch orchestra. At one of the last rehearsals the only viola player, no doubt on account of too liberal potions, had forgotten his engagement and given his comrades the slip. Hasenbuth, who had a slight knowledge of the violin but who could not read the C clef easily, hesitated a moment, and then courageously took the absent one's place and commenced scraping away at his part. He had not progressed through many bars when a little man rose from his seat in the body of the hall, hopped over the balustrade surrounding the orchestra, and seizing an unused instrument, placed himself at the desk where the poor comedian, covered with perspiration, was struggling to keep in time and in tune. With his eyes flashing fury the little man twisted and turned and almost danced on his seat, calling out angrily the names of the notes that Hasenbuth was bungling. At the conclusion of the overture the stranger lost all control over himself, and throwing down his violin, disappeared at a single bound back into the auditorium: but not before he had apostrophised the stupefied comedian in these words: "Sir, you are quite the biggest ass I have ever met in my life."

A few days later the "Entführung" was performed with extraordinary success, and the impresario, pleased with his net results, arranged to give a dinner to which he invited his whole company. Hearing that Mozart was

in Bade, he also sent him an invitation. His arrival was anxiously awaited and people were naturally curious to see him. With no little surprise Hasenbuth beheld his irascible neighoour of rehearsal fame. But Mozart, who had not forgotten the episode, advanced smiling and cordially extended his hand. "Sir," he said, "the last time we met I am afraid I was rude to you, but I think you will frankly agree with me that no one but the devil could have endured such a caterwauling."

CHAPTER XXI.

A GLANCE AT MOZART'S AND GLUCK'S THEORIES ON THE UNION OF POETRY AND MUSIC.—FOUNDATION OF GERMAN DRAMATIC DICTION.—AN IMPERIAL CRITIC.—BERLIOZ'S OPINION OF MOZART.

"DIE Entführung aus dem Serail" is such an important landmark in the life of Mozart that we must needs tarry awhile and consider it a moment longer. Also, the work has served the pretext of allowing the composer to express his ideas on the rightful place of poetry in connection with his art, and though we shall not be able to give his theories all the attention they deserve, we can at least make it our duty to record them. "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" was the first opera unwitnessed by the composer's father and we are indebted

to this circumstance for lengthier epistolary details than usual.*

First and foremost there is a kind of analysis of the initial act by the composer which it would be interesting to compare with commentaries by accredited critics. Although Mozart is silent as to the *psychological* meaning of his compositions and confines himself solely to their objective effect, his observations are none the less full of general ideas which deserve a close and intimate study.

I select from amongst these a little æsthetic profession of faith which was made concerning the manner of expressing anger in musical terms. "A man who gives way to his fury," said Mozart, "overshoots the mark, knows not where to stop, and loses all control over himself. If

* "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," or "Belmont and Constance" as it is sometimes called, is a comic opera in three acts. Mozart named it "Komisches Singspiel." It was adapted to the text of C. F. Bretzner and was partly re-written and re-modelled by Stephanie, junior. Mozart presented the original score to one of his sisters-in-law, Frau Hofer. It is now the property of Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the banker. It was published by Simrock at Bonn and by Frey in Paris. Its first interpreters were: Adamberger in the character of Belmont, Dauer as Pedrillo and Fischer as Osmin. Fräulein Cavalieri played Constance and Fräulein Teyber, Blondchen. The work, translated, arranged and reduced to two acts by Prosper Pascal, was performed at the Paris *Théâtre-Lyrique*, in May, 1859. This version differs greatly from the original. The following are the principal modifications: the pieces cut out were: No. 4, an aria of Belmont, one of the best pages in the score; No. 6, Constance's aria; No. 8, Blondchen's song; No. 13, Pedrillo's aria. No. 10 (No. 5 in the French score) was replaced by an aria from "Die Clemenza di Tito." No. 11 (No. 13 of the score) was taken from the *rôle* of Constance and given to Blondine. The finale was divided into two parts, and their order reversed. Finally it was thought advisable to add a portion of one of Mozart's sonatas, the Turkish March, to the score which was picturesquely orchestrated by M. Pascal.

music has to depict this feeling it must needs imitate its model. However violent the different passions may be, their expression must never have the effect of eliciting disgust." On this point Mozart is of one and the same opinion with Grétry in the matter and manner of his thought. The composer of "Richard" has used similar words. "Anger becomes offensive in the imitative arts unless ennobled by tragic feeling."* "Music," continues Mozart, "must never offend the ear. No matter how fearful the situation may be, it must still gratify the hearing; in a word, the music must always continue to be music."

This was precisely the objection made by la Harpe regarding "Armide," and which evoked a mordant answer from Gluck. He offered apology, he said, for his past errors and would henceforth follow the teaching of this new master, who after a few hours of cogitation had learnt more of his art than he had after forty years' practice of it. "In future," continued the offended composer, "the part of 'Armide' will be no longer a weary and monotonous complaint, she will not be any more 'a Medea, a sorceress,' but an 'enchantress'; she shall sing to you, in her despair, an air abounding in periods, so agreeable, and at the same time, so tender, that the most weak-minded damsel will be able to listen without the least fluttering of her nerves. If any evil spirit bethinks himself to say to me: Sir, take care that Armide in a fury does not express herself in a similar way to Armide in love—Sir, I would answer, I would not 'offend the ear' of M. de la

* Musical Essays," Vol. II., Chap. LVIII. On anger.

Harpe, I would not 'imitate nature,' I would 'improve it'; instead of letting Armide 'cry out,' I would let her enchant you. Should he insist, and make the observation that Sophocles in the finest of his tragedies, introduces Œdipus to the Athenians with bleeding eyes, and that the recitatif or kind of musical declamation used to express the lament of the unfortunate king, should be rendered in tones of deepest pain, I would still answer, M. de la Harpe does not wish to hear the cry of a suffering man."

Another question raised by Mozart refers to the relation between music and poetry in dramatic works. His ideas on the subject are as clear as they are characteristic. "In opera," he said, "poetry must absolutely be the obedient daughter of music. Why, in spite of their wretched libretti, are the Italian operas popular everywhere, even in Paris? Because the music is of paramount importance and makes up for all other deficiencies!" It is almost superfluous to note that Mozart's theory is the exact opposite of Gluck's.

"I have tried to bring music into its rightful place," said the composer of "Alcestis," "that of seconding poetry by strengthening the expression of the feelings and the interest of the situation without interrupting the action and weakening it by superfluous ornament. I thought that music should give that aid to poetry which the liveliness of colouring and the happy combination of light and shade afford to a correct and well-designed picture—animating the figures, without injuring their contour."

This divergency of opinion is altogether natural and is derived from a fundamental difference as to principles;

the composer of "Don Giovanni" taking his standpoint from the point of view of expression and his character of a disciple of the Italian masters and the composer of "Armide" relying with irrefutable logic on the French theory. And although Gluck's opinion is more in conformity with French national feeling it is none the less certain that it is precisely in France that Mozart's theory has met with the greater number of partisans. The reason is that our libretti are so poor that their absolute want of literary value does not permit of any comparison with the more elaborate style of their music. But this is neither the time nor the place for studying these questions. We will return to the "Entführung aus dem Serail" and sum up rapidly what there is left to tell on the importance of this work and on the position which it occupies in the history of art.

The Italian music drama is very clearly distinct from the French. The first attaches more importance to the general effect of the poetic thought, the second considers its details; the first sets a value on the phrase, the other on the word. The result is two opposite schools: that of *expression* and that of *declamation.*

The principles of the German school are more complex and cannot be defined in a few words. Its originality is comprised in certain qualities of style and in a better understood and more equal valuation of vocal melody and instrumental expression. German opera springs from the symphony.

All these organic elements are to be found, at any rate in the germ, in the work we are examining, and Mozart,

who was predestined to endow Italian musical drama with its highest perfection, had also the signal honour of breathing life into a new form and of endowing his own country with an art equal to any that had preceded it. If by "Don Giovanni" and the "Nozze" he is the celebrated son of Pergolese, by the "Entführung" and "Die Zauberflöte" he is the legitimate father of the illustrious Weber. With the "Entführung" the definite foundation of German opera was inaugurated. Joseph II. had long cherished this dream but he did not at once understand that its realisation had come about. His opinion of the music of the "Entführung" is well known and also the singular compliment which he paid to Mozart. "A great deal too fine for our ears and a great deal too many notes." "Exactly as many notes as are necessary, your Majesty," replied the composer, who was not always the best courtier.

A great deal too many notes! Which meant, according to the opinion of the Emperor and as he later expressly stated, that the orchestra overwhelmed the voices, and the instruments instead of interpolating a few commonplace chords here and there, were allowed to express themselves loudly, when, in his opinion, only the singer should be heard. "The statue in the orchestra and the pedestal on the stage," said Grétry. We can well afford to smile at this reproach addressed to such delicate instrumentation. But such sentiments are perennial. "You have a great deal of talent," said Napoleon to Cherubini, "but your accompaniments are too loud. Your music is too noisy. Give me for preference Paisiello, whose harmonies soothe me so sweetly." "I understand you," Cherubini answered, with

more tact than Mozart and not less dignity, "you like the music which does not interrupt your thoughts on State affairs."

Too many notes! In these days when our ears have passed through many trying ordeals, are we not tempted to think very differently, and far from considering Mozart's music too loud we are more likely to call it too discreet. Such was, at any rate, Berlioz's feeling anent the "Entführung aus dem Serail" when he criticised its performance in Paris, in May, 1859.

I will not take this opportunity of expressing my thoughts on Berlioz the composer, but I will consider him as the critic. And if as such one cannot deny his efficiency on the other hand, one is compelled to refuse him any claim to impartiality or disinterestedness. He was too militant a composer and was too enamoured of his own theories to be able to judge equitably those of others. Besides his ideas were never fixed or decided. Scudo blamed him all his life for having treated "Zampa" as the merest twaddle, and the memory is still recent of the easy way in which after having offered incense to Wagner he turned his back upon him.

Having told his readers that Mozart was seventeen when he wrote the "Entführung," he continues: on the whole the melody in this opera is simple, sweet, *not very original*, the accompaniments are discreet, agreeable, not very varied, *childish;* the instrumentation is that of the period but already better arranged than in works of contemporaries of this composer. The orchestra often includes

Turkish music, that is to say the big drum, the cymbals and triangle, *used in a very primitive manner.**

To the composer of the "Troyens'" imperious decree we will now oppose the judgment of the singer of "Freischütz." "I can confidently assert," wrote Weber, "that in the "Entführung aus dem Serail" Mozart attains to the full maturity of his powers. In future they can be developed only by experience. The world had a right to expect a great deal from his prolific pen after such works as 'Don Giovanni' and 'Nozze di Figaro,' but it was not in the master's power to give us a counterpart to the 'Entführung aus dem Serail.' I find in this work the reflection of his youth, that flower of life, whose petals expand no more after they are once closed. When he freed himself from his last defects, one lost alas! a certain charm and *naïveté* which it will be impossible to meet with again."†

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* Berlioz. A travers Chants, p. 252.

† C. M. von Weber. Lebensbild, III., p. 191.

CHAPTER XXII.

THOUGHTS OF MARRIAGE AND CONSTANCE WEBER.—"ENTFUHRUNG AUS DEM AUGE GOTTES."

KARL-MARIA VON WEBER was right when he said that the "Entführung aus dem Serail" is the flower of Mozart's genius; the succeeding works are its ripe and exquisite fruits. And it was only fitting that this score should reflect a ray of the bright sun of dawning youth, seeing that while engaged in writing it the composer was experiencing for a second time the warm glow of that pure flame of passion which Goethe has celebrated so brilliantly and discreetly in "Hermann and Dorothea."

Mozart, it will be remembered, after leaving the Archbishop's service, went to live at Zum Auge Gottes, where Frau Weber, the widow of the Mannheim copyist, was installed with her three daughters. He was delighted with his new domicile for he had always liked home

life and the society of women. His gentle, affable character made him a favourite with Aloysia's three musical sisters; they repaid his advice and his lessons by a hundred and one little sisterly attentions which were essentially necessary to his affectionate and somewhat absent-minded nature. One of the girls took a special pleasure in attending to him; she devoted herself to his wants with graceful solicitude and it was easy for any clear-sighted observer to guess the reasons which prompted her.

However it was not possible for this peaceful and happy existence to continue for ever. Evil tongues were at work and Leopold Mozart's ears were being tortured with the tidings of the friendship of his son with the Weber girls. Wolfgang, always obedient and submissive, yielded to his father's pressing wish for him to take up other quarters; he went to live in lodgings in the *Graben*, exchanging, according to his own expression "a commodious and easy postchaise for an uncomfortable place in a public stage-coach."

But, as it happened, on this particular occasion paternal prudence hit a mark it had not aimed at, and excessive precautionary measures brought about an unwished for result, for Mozart was hardly settled in his new abode when he saw plainly what was lacking. In solitude his eyes were opened. He realised that he was in love and he knew his love was reciprocated. Constance Weber was about eighteen. A year or two younger than Aloysia, she was still a child when Mozart was enamoured of her sister, and she had watched the growth of the young composer's passionate affection for the girl whose indifference had

rendered her incapable of understanding him. She had been present at the heart-rending scene in which the coquettish Aloysia had disdainfully dismissed the young man, and his silent sorrow had awakened an ardent sympathy in her tender heart. Unbeknown to herself the young girl had felt the spell of that mysterious law which causes sensitive and suffering natures to be attracted towards each other, and compels women to interest themselves in ill-starred lovers. In a word Constance dreamt of avenging Mozart of Aloysia's disdain. To judge from her portrait preserved in the Salzburg Museum, she was lively and interesting looking, but not pretty. The following is a pen portrait traced by Mozart himself. "She is certainly not ugly, but at the same time she has no claim to be called pretty. She has a good figure and her little dark eyes are the most expressive part of her face. She does not pretend to have much mind but she has enough for the fulfilment of her duties as wife and mother. Accustomed as she is to simplicity, always clean and neat, she is not extravagant in her attire; besides she knows how to cut out and make all the clothes she needs, she dresses her own hair, attends to household affairs, and has the very best heart in the world. In short, I adore her, and she loves me with all her heart and soul. Frankly, it would be impossible to find a better wife." But it was not so much the choice of the *fiancée* which Leopold Mozart disapproved of as the idea of the marriage. And it was not without reason that he thought it unwise of his son to burthen himself with the cares of a family whilst his means barely sufficed for his own wants. And to this specious

motive he added another which was a little less disinterested. Leopold Mozart had greatly aged; he felt the weight of his years growing rapidly heavier, and he saw the hour approaching when his strength would entirely fail and he would be left without any means of livelihood. Having consecrated the greater part of his life to the welfare of his son he had the right to count upon his aid in his hour of need. And if Wolfgang was going to lift an altogether too heavy load on to his shoulders, how would he be able to meet his filial debts and give support to an infirm old man?

The young man responded to these objections by asserting his loving devotion and by proclaiming his strong sense of duty. It was not in his power to tender stronger assurances. He had no fixed income, and living as he did on the fees derived from his lessons how could he have ventured to make any promises for the future? But this did not prevent him from remaining firm in his resolution. He was determined to abandon celibacy and the reasons he put forward were unexpected and unforeseen. In a letter addressed to his father, dated September 15, 1781, and as yet unpublished in France, he makes an ingenious and touching confession which successfully silences the foolish calumnies taken for granted by his biographers. "Nature speaks within me," he said, "as loudly as it does to others, perhaps even more forcibly than it would in the case of a coarse and unrefined rustic. Still, it is impossible for me to regulate my habits of life according to the standard erected by other young men of my own age. My sense of religion, of honesty, of love for my neighbour

forbid me to deceive any innocent woman. I can swear before God that up to this day I have no shortcomings to reproach myself with on this score." Bear in mind, reader, that he who spoke thus was bordering on his twenty-sixth birthday; remember that he lived in a free and easy world, in the midst of the seductions and temptations of theatrical life, and acknowledge that as regards Mozart the moral purity of the man is co-equal with the perfection of the artist.

In the meantime obstacles to the wished-for union did not come only from Salzburg for Frau Weber was raising some formidable ones; not that she was opposed to the marriage, on the contrary, she considered Mozart a very suitable son-in-law. But knowing, as she did, the strength of his filial devotion she feared he would be called away. In the hope of safely securing him, she had imagined a little comedy. In conjunction with her daughter's guardian, a certain Herr Thorworth, inspector of costumes at the Imperial Theatre, she succeeded in getting Mozart to sign a promise of marriage, at the same time, stipulating that should the bond be broken, he should arrange to give Constance a pension of 300 florins.

The precaution proved useless. Frau Weber had not reckoned with her daughter's pride; such unseemly bargaining made the young girl indignant; she insisted on obtaining the signed document and threw it into the fire. "I will have no other pledge of his love but his word," she said, "and I will not give him leave to tender me a gratuity in exchange for his heart." The girl's loyalty

and her honourable conduct bound Moart still closer to her; he vowed henceforth to be her life-long lover.

The widow of the copyist had also set her heart on the hope that her son-in-law would return and take up his abode with his wife in the family dove-cot. She cherished the illusion that the growing reputation of the young composer would cause gold to flow into the household coffers and that she would have a goodly share of the coming affluence. And again she had made a false calculation. Mozart was determined that his home should be sacred to his wife and himself. His honour dictated an explanation so he made a formal declaration to Frau Weber that in marrying the daughter he in no way contemplated espousing the mother as well. This imprudent avowal was the signal for open warfare. From that moment Frau Weber threw aside all restraint and became quite insupportable. She had lately developed a weakness for drink; this rapidly grew worse and distressing scenes were the result. The lovers were much harrassed as they had to search their pockets to find money for the increasing drink bills.

Happily, and as it happens in fairy stories, a rich and generous benefactress came to their help. This generous soul was the Baroness von Waldstädten, an excellent musician and talented pianist who had befriended Mozart in the past. Though a little flighty, she possessed a kind heart and she felt pity for him in his distress. She cleverly circumvented Frau Weber and induced her to confide her daughter to her care. When the latter discovered she had been duped and that Mozart was each day with Constance

at the Baroness' house, she gave way to the most violent temper and declared that if her daughter did not return home at once she would send the police to fetch her. In order to avert a scandal Constance obeyed, but Mozart's patience was exhausted and he resolved to end the dilemma. The Baroness agreed to take upon herself any difficulties that might arise. She wrote to Leopold Mozart and begged him to give his consent to the marriage. Wolfgang, also made a final appeal and sent his father such a heartfelt, pressing, and supplicating letter that the old kapellmeister who had been so obstinate in his refusal was at last convinced that the time had come to withdraw his opposition.*

In the meantime the Baroness had pacified Frau Weber; she had obtained the marriage license and had generously defrayed the expenses of the ceremony. She had even advanced to the young couple the sum mentioned as their respective portions in the marriage contract. The preparations progressed so rapidly, the circumstances were so unexpected and romantic, that the event was more like a chapter out of a novel than a quiet marriage between two peaceable citizens. And for these reasons, Mozart, alluding to the title of his last opera, was wont to call his marriage: "Entführung aus dem Auge Gottes." The wedding was celebrated in the Metropolitan Church of St. Stephen, on August 4, 1782, in the presence of Frau Weber and also of her youngest daughter, Sophia, Con-

* The paternal authorisation did not really arrive until the day after the wedding. Mozart waited two days in hopes of receiving it; but he felt sure it would eventually be sent him and he made his arrangements without any qualms of conscience.

stance's guardian, Councillor von Cetto, witness for Constance, and Doctor Gilowsky of Strasburg, Mozart's witness.*

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride and bridegroom, suddenly overcome by the thought of their past sufferings, commenced to weep; the bystanders were moved

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* The following is a translation of Mozart's marriage contract:

"In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

"This day, on the date mentioned below, in the presence of the undersigned, the following contract was drawn up and declared: on the one part between Herr Wolfgang Mozart, Kapellmeister in non-active service as future husband, and on the other part between Fräulein Weber as future wife, minor, legitimate daughter of the late Fridolin Weber, musician to the imperial and royal court, and of his living wife, Cecilia Weber, duly authorised by her guardian.

"Firstly, at the request of the affianced bridegroom the same Fräulein Constance Weber has been betrothed to him by ecclesiastical decree.

"Secondly, the same betrothed brings to her future husband a dowry of five hundred florins, in exchange for which:

"Thirdly, the same last mentioned brings a capital of a thousand florins, so that the common funds comprise fifteen hundred florins assured to the last survivor.

"Fourthly. Everything that the future consorts may collect, inherit, or gain by divine grace or honestly acquire during the period of their marriage will be used in common. In the same way any lands and houses which may accrue on both sides shall be considered as profit and guaranteed reciprocally.

"Fifthly. Each of the contracting parties shall engage to place to the profit of each all that may not have been mentioned, by donation, by testament or codicil. Lastly

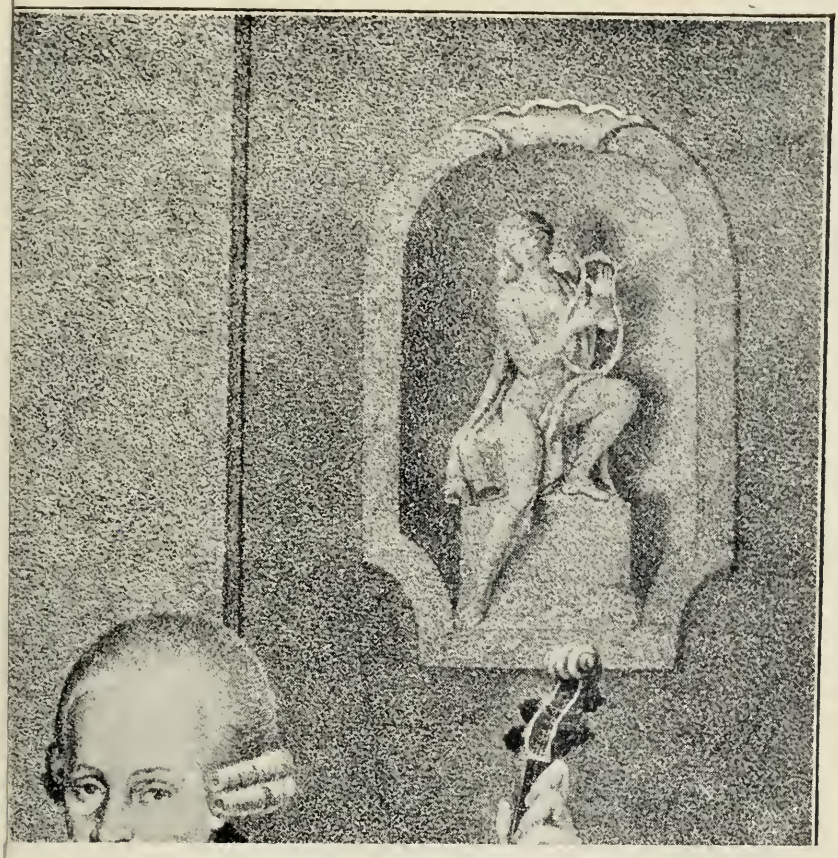
"Sixthly. The present contract written in duplicate shall be delivered to each of the contracting parties, and shall be signed by them, by the mother of the future wife, by her guardian and his witnesses.

"Vienna, 3rd August, 1782."

to sympathy and wept also, and the officiating priest shed tears of commiseration.

In the evening of this memorable day the Baroness von Waldstädten invited her protégés to supper and during the meal an instrumental serenade of Mozart's was performed for his delectation.

The next day he writes to Salzburg: "I kiss your hands a thousand times, my good father, with all affection and tenderness, and I send you heartfelt thanks for your consent and for your paternal blessing. My dear wife will write to you by the next post to beg this precious favour for herself, and to ask her sister-in-law for consolidation of an affection to which she attaches the very highest value. She looks forward greatly to paying you a visit at Salzburg, and when you have learnt to appreciate her, I am convinced that you will be as assured as I am that such a good, sensible and virtuous woman will make my life happy and joyful!"



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